

THE COMMONWEAL

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THE PRESIDENT MUST DECIDE

THE reports of congressional debating about farm relief are not convincing or consoling reading. One suspects a desire to force the President into a corner by means of the revived McNary-Haughen bill; one knows that political anxiety is the real reason why that bill has come to the fore again. And yet, here and there in the long chronicle of wrangling, a bit of wisdom bows to the public. We believe that Representative Griffin of New York was right when he declared: "The farmer sells in a world market, and he buys in a market protected by the tariff. Throw down the tariff barriers again and you will find agriculture faring as well as it did from 1913 to 1919." He was right, that is, with a difference. It all depends upon how you throw down those barriers, and upon whether or not agriculture was in a sound condition during those years. The government cannot obviate the evils of speculative land booming, and it must rely upon education to remove that ignorance of scientific agricultural methods which always spells disaster to a farming region. But of those regulations which are at its disposal, the government is the sole arbiter and can be held accountable.

We have never believed that the McNary-Haughen measure is a sound application of the government's

power to the concerns of agriculture. It really settles nothing, as regards either production or marketing. If the complex problem could be disposed of by the simple expedient of setting up complicated machinery, there might be some hope of resultant profit for the farmer. But the elaborate system of accounting proposed would require exactly what Secretary Mellon says it would—an organization, an operative efficiency, greater even than what is demanded for the proper collection of the income tax. To suppose that the burden this imposes will be welcomed by a population already worn out by a half-dozen bureaucracies seems to be based on extreme political optimism. The reasons advanced by President Coolidge for opposing the measure earlier in its history are therefore generally sound. It is only to be hoped that if exercise of the veto power kills the bill, the attention which long weeks of discussion have drawn to rural miseries will not prove fruitless altogether. Then the nation's confidence in the power of its chief executive will have been restored.

Unfortunately for Mr. Coolidge, however, it is congressional failure to provide any satisfactory substitute which has continued to emphasize the McNary-Haughen proposals. While evidence of all kinds con-

tinued to prove that the distress of agriculture was not a temporary phenomenon, no agency of federal relief was established; and so Representative Burtness of North Dakota was perfectly correct when he stated recently: "Today, agricultural products in their relation to non-agricultural products stand 20 percent below normal; the relation a year ago was 13 percent." This steady decline of farming as a profitable enterprise is due, above all, to the simple fact that the government protects the manufacturer and the industrialist, but does not protect the tiller of the soil. There is no disagreeing with the editors of the *New York World* to the effect that the tariff has increased the duty on crude aluminum by 150 percent, and the duty on sugar 76 percent. The sugar industry, moreover, has been carefully "regulated" now, so as to prevent further decrease in the price. Thus government erects economic barriers against which agricultural enterprise struggles in vain; and because the American farmer is a citizen, not a peasant, he abandons the task of fighting the barriers and goes after the government which erected them.

It may be argued—and, of course, always is argued—that the protection of industry means a higher standard of living for employees and citizens generally. But the whole complaint of the farmer is that it fails to mean any improvement in so far as he is concerned. If he is advised to perfect a system of coöperative buying and selling, he can justly retort that his industrial competitors were never asked to depend upon anything of that sort. They went straight to the government and they got the kind of laws and assistance they desired. Why not, therefore, follow suit and challenge the administration? It may be that the influence of the farmer would never be great enough to swing a general election, if the sole issue were agricultural relief. But a country which tosses that issue into the discard is in a bad way economically and socially, besides being a dangerous place for a stubborn political party. These facts Mr. Coolidge must know; and if he is content to let the matter rest with Mr. Mellon's summary of objections to McNary-Haughenism, he is preparing for the exit of Republicanism about as effectively as anybody could.

Not that such an exit would immediately remedy matters. The majority of Democratic leaders have evinced a singular inability to talk in statesmanlike terms of the major issues now being scanned by the public mind. Apart from adroit manoeuvring for strictly partisan advantages, we have seen little activity in contemporary Washington. The same kind of canny battling which has been going on about agricultural relief has characterized other adventures in the domain of world politics. Since markets are no longer purely local and domestic, it is proper to see even a commercial significance in that policy of international isolation which has been so carefully sponsored during eight years. The rejoicing which greeted the news that League powers had failed to view favorably the

reservations upon which the United States had conditioned its entry into the World Court, was again wholly due to "electoral prospects." What did anybody really care about the ethical or pacific implications of the matter, so long as the "folks back home" would not any longer be prejudiced, one way or another, by the fact that their Senator or Representative had expressed an opinion concerning the Court? From the very beginning the whole matter had been handled with the most startling disregard for anything but domestic issues. We were ready to enter—but only what we could make to order.

In the wake of such individualism, it was, of course, quite natural to expect that foreign powers would break all records for alacrity in coming to the conference on naval armaments proposed by Mr. Coolidge. How else could they establish the fact that, despite their evil reputations, they were really quite harmless and ready to lie down with the lamb? Washington, which was terrified by the very mention of the League, was just the right place for the biggest members of the League to visit. Even an American cannot help relishing just a little the semi-ironical reply sent by Aristide Briand. But in the background of that historic document there was the very real service which Briand has rendered, during several busy and troublesome years, to make Geneva a place of concord and conciliation. Meanwhile we, the champions of peace, untroubled by anything more dire than our prosperity and some minor difficulties, have taken our largest step in world reorganization by forcing to a settlement the bothersome debt question—which again is truly a domestic partisan issue, and which if it were anything else would probably not have come to the fore at all.

A realistic view of these facts and circumstances leads one to ask, not whether the Republican administration is at fault, but whether the exercise of what may be termed "public opinion" is not actually hampering the processes of government. Tenure of office is the normal concern of every political aspirant. To a large extent the members of Congress are dependent upon the will of the people for their salaries and for as much of "glory" as they are likely to get. It is therefore inevitable that everything they do or say should be controlled by the aspect of the horizon back home—that the average senatorial speech should be prepared by the electorate. Perhaps this may help to account for the mediocre quality of most such speeches. But it does very distinctly account for the veering, the instability, the abnormal hesitancy which now characterizes government action. If we may return to farmers momentarily, the fact that the relief they so sorely need has not been forthcoming—or is not even being proposed in a practicable manner—is due to the fact that agricultural opinion itself has been unable to formulate its problems and remedies. The Cincinnati have been looking to Washington for help; and all the while Washington, in the grip of electoral terrors, has been staring back helplessly at them.

THE COMMONWEAL

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WEEK BY WEEK

FOR the moment, discussion of United States activities in Mexico and Central America has narrowed down to economic issues. Some reports that the Calles government is changing its mind concerning the oil laws and American operators, suggest the hope that a more satisfactory disposition of the problem may be made. It is pointed out that Mexico is neither able to develop the petroleum fields without the aid of foreign management, nor able to exist financially under the stringent credit conditions imposed by lack of confidence on the part of non-Mexican bankers. On the other hand, the claim is made that many companies have accepted the conditions laid down by the Calles government, and have abandoned all hope of operating on the old basis. Whatever may be the situation, everybody realizes that the people of the United States firmly oppose any belligerent defense of property holdings in Mexico. The prevailing point of view seems to be that property rights in Latin America are not sacred enough to justify the use of force in their defense. If this is to become a principle, it will inevitably mean either the gradually increasing refusal of investors to brave the hazards of speculation in Mexico and similar countries, or the steadying of effort to create some general political status quo that will regard property rights important enough to guarantee. Certainly, nothing could be more disastrous for Latin America, in so far as economic development is concerned, than doors closed to the ingress of operative capital. On the other hand, nothing could be more undesirable ethically than aggressive exploitation under the mask of rights.

THE situation in Nicaragua seems to have been rendered more complex by a series of Sacasa victories, which endanger the definite position assumed by Secretary Kellogg in supporting the existing government. It is not quite honest to say that Mr. Kellogg's action is dictated by a policy of aggrandizement and conservatism. There are rights at stake in Nicaragua which the United States cannot afford to jeopardize, and these have been safeguarded with dignity and skill. On the other hand, a view expressed by the bulletin issued by the National City Bank, of New York City, is obviously little more than alert camouflage. We quote: "It is said in certain foreign quarters that the action taken in Nicaragua furnishes additional evidence of the imperialistic designs of the United States. It is an exceptional kind of imperialism, which goes in and then comes out when its immediate purpose is accomplished—as the United States has done in Nicaragua and Mexico several times, and as it has done in Santo Domingo, and in Cuba, and in the Isle of Pines. The United States has shown no inclination to encroach upon the liberty of any people." Well, it is satisfactorily clear that if no such "inclination" was "shown," the reason is simply the fact that after politicians and the military had pretty well found a foothold in these places and caused considerable damage, public opinion insisted they must come out. This opinion will wisely continue to be on the alert.

SIX months of careful study by representatives of Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish social action bodies, of conditions on the Western Maryland Railroad, where locomotive engineers, firemen, and hostlers have been on strike since the fall of 1925, has culminated in a report by the joint body which is an indictment of the management and a disclosure of methods of dealing with labor which are those of half a century ago. This comparatively small road was the only one of the Class I systems, which refused to grant the "standard wage increases" put into effect by the New York Central lines in 1921. This did not bring about the strike, however. The men were anxious to negotiate and at first the company appeared willing to consider a compromise. Negotiations did not get very far before there was a deadlock. A further attempt by the men to reach an agreement with the management was rudely ended by a demand in the form of posted notices that all men who desired to remain in the service must sign individual contracts with the road. This, of course, meant virtual severance from the unions by all who should comply, and repudiation of the principle of collective bargaining. The result was a strike which has had many distressing features—a strike which, as the joint investigating board points out, might more properly be described as a lockout, since the men only went out when this action forced them out. As such, it naturally attracted the attention of the students of economic ethics.

THAT such a policy should have been pursued by the management of the road at a time when the tendency on all other systems was toward the exact opposite, calls loudly for explanation; for, as the investigators remark, it was bad even from a business standpoint, for while low wages and longer hours might be considered a paying proposition over a short period of time, it is sure to fail in the long run, either through the "soldiering" of employees, or from the expense of frequent wrecks and probable strikes. The explanation given by those who gave months of time to the study of the situation, is that this was a conflict, not between the men and the management proper, but between labor and a group of preferred stockholders having a first claim on the net income of the road. An endeavor to have the directors agree to an offer of arbitration made by the men, was a failure. One comment of the group that reports on the situation is worthy of repetition: "There is a common fallacy in the frequently expressed concern for the 'public' and for the non-industrial groups. . . . It is true that strong unions are not always careful of the rights of the public, and of their poorer paid brothers in industry. But it is also true that the public rarely shows enough interest in a labor struggle to warrant the workers in foregoing economic action on the theory that the public will safeguard their interests."

WHILE industrial war of the most savage nature, precipitated by obviously selfish motives, is reported from western Maryland, a despatch to the National Catholic Welfare Conference news service, from London, tells of a movement sponsored by one of the foremost leaders in labor circles for the spread of industrial peace. Mr. J. H. Seddon, former president of the Trades Union Congress, an organization embracing virtually all the organized manual workers of the country, recently called on Bishop Graham, the head of the Catholic diocese of Edinburgh, accompanied by David Crichton, another well-known labor official, to ask the support of the Bishop for an organization known as the Industrial Peace Union. By accentuating and expanding friendly relations already existing between employers and employed in certain of the trades, and by a campaign of education, it is hoped to create a powerful moral influence which will result, not only in better conditions for both labor and the employers of labor, but for the whole community which shall benefit by the cessation of bitter struggles such as have disrupted the whole of England in recent years. Bishop Graham imparted his blessing to those projecting this good work, and promised it his heartiest support. It already has the warm endorsement of Cardinal Bourne. It is fitting that an undertaking along lines so closely following the encyclical of Pope Leo XIII, should be presided over by a Catholic—Lord Denbigh—at a time when the jubilee of the encyclical is about to be observed.

THE fact that Frank Caruso, of Brooklyn, killed the doctor whom he believed guilty of having poisoned his child, is a tragedy with more than usually startling social aspects. It could come to pass in a city dotted with philanthropic agencies and guarded by all kinds of watchful patrols, that a child quarantined for weeks on account of diphtheria was left without any medical attention. When the young physician finally came round to look at the case, he discerned the crisis, but revealed how utterly unprepared he was to deal with a matter that required a skilled social worker. His death, the child's surrender to the fatal disease, the plight of Caruso and his family—all these things are probably the result of ignorance and inattentiveness which could have been remedied in an hour by a person adequately outfitted for the task. One might well, therefore, take the whole case as an instance of what stupendous and valuable services are to be rendered by men and women devoted to carrying on remedial agencies among the poor. It is singular that some people will regard the social worker—even the Catholic social worker, who is especially well prepared to deal with Italian families—as too expensive or otherwise undesirable. A few tragedies such as this ought to convince even the most recalcitrant that somebody is responsible—a somebody who, regardless of the convenient term, "society," generally simmers down to a person very near one's own shadow.

IN SOME ways it seems strange that Henry Pestalozzi, the centenary of whose death was observed on February 17, should have lived so recently as a hundred years ago. Although the system of elementary education he outlined has its immediate sources in Rousseau and its finest elaborator in Madame Montessori, it hearkened back to so many principles which the time of the renaissance had striven to bury, that it almost seems mediaeval in character. There is a quaint homeliness and concreteness about it which most of us older people, brought up as we were by the rule of thumb, like to see being applied to youngsters in our time. Significantly enough, the remembrance of Pestalozzi coincides with the publication of a brilliant summary of the achievements of Saint Angela Merici, prepared by one of her modern disciples. Even if (as a review of the book, published elsewhere in this issue, concludes) it is impossible to prove absolutely that Saint Angela anticipated many favorite contemporary educational doctrines, we are now invited to see how fully she grasped the heart of the matter—the maternal spirit. She was among those who believe that children are never safely trammelled by anything excepting affection, even though that affection imposes tasks and responsibilities. When one bears in mind how excellently her idealistic fervor has borne fruit since her death in the sixteenth century, one cannot help feeling that she must have been singularly right of heart and decidedly sound of mind.

IT WAS never more evident than now that teachers are constantly tugged at by little hearts to supply what parental custody refuses to give. The child who would "rather die than go home," is unfortunately not so rare as, possibly, he used to be. Ever so many factors—divorce, industrialized mothers, street life, absence of other children—concur to create domestic environments in which growing boys and girls find it almost impossible to live. Young women who become teachers are often amazed at the lavish display of deep attachment made by their pupils. In many cases this proves the thing which emancipates little ones from vengefulness and the disposition to break all rules. Therefore, incidentally, the influence wielded by the teaching nun is made greater than it used to be. She becomes the representative, not only of the physical mother who far too frequently is distracted by uncontrollable circumstances from the care which goes with her position, but also of the Divine Maternity which has always inspired religious teaching and is really the motive force in such great endeavors as that of Saint Angela Merici.

SPECULUM, the journal of the Mediaeval Academy of America, continues to grow more interesting and important with every number. Although a considerable portion of the contents, properly enough be it said in passing, can appeal only to specialists, the bulk of each issue is so good that it ought to be assigned as reading matter to all relatively advanced students of mediaeval history and letters. Such an article as Dr. MacKinney contributes on Pre-Gothic Architecture, for instance, interweaves information and human interest so well that it ought to accomplish a great deal of good. The conclusion is really a stirring invitation to research: "In every phase of eleventh-century religious life, one may look, and not in vain, for traces of the instinct of coöperative community effort as it worked toward the leveling of class barriers and the fusing of men into a broader Christian brotherhood and a more workable social organism. From Fulk the Black's thinly veiled selfishness to Saint Bernard's other-worldliness; from kings to rural parishioners; from church-building revivals to crusading outbursts; one finds the same spirit—and over it all there hovers like incense the mystical sacramentalism and intense devotion of the mediaeval religious mind."

SYMPATHY may be extended to the college president who recently declared that the only thing not expected of him was "a realization of the academic ideals which my institution professedly stands for." Between getting money and spending it, shaking hands with people and commenting upon public affairs, the average president is far removed from that crude and usually severe mortal who presided over academic destinies a generation or so ago. But here again he may take refuge in the plight of others. Even modern bishops have been compelled to acquiesce so com-

pletely to modern social circumstance that their lives have almost been robbed of traditional episcopal purpose. Monsignor Doubleday, bishop of Brentwood, England, recently commented humorously upon an extraordinary state of affairs by saying: "A theologian is the last thing that a bishop is expected to be nowadays. He must learn to drive a motor-car; go to interminable meetings. He is called upon to make speech after speech; he is invited out to dinner, and is expected to possess an excellent appetite." In a similar vein, a great American bishop once confided to a friend that he had congratulated so many societies upon the splendid work they were doing, that he sincerely dreaded hearing a great sinner's confession lest he should, by force of habit, be led to make the same comment. Another very real trial of the modern bishop is hinted at by Cardinal Bourne in a recently related incident. "I knew an excellent layman," His Eminence remarked, "who used to attend the confirmations and sometimes the consecration of churches with a volume of liturgy, to see that the bishop did what he ought to." The number of such eccentric rigorists is legion. Some carefully note the pronunciation of Latin; others diligently scrutinize the observance of the rules of grammar. But perhaps the outstanding example among them all is the lady statistician of a western city who proved, to her own dismayed satisfaction, that not one of fourteen bishops who had come under her observation practised the Del Sarte system of gesticulation. Verily there never was a time when the episcopate so badly needed the subsidy of prayer.

MR. WILLIAM E. BARTON makes out a very strong case for Parson Weems, in the Boston Herald for February 13. After all the irony that has been expended upon the first and most edifying life of Washington, it is a little startling to learn that the story of the cherry-tree is perfectly legitimate history and may be true. We are asked to conceive of Parson Weems as a writer who peddled his wares; who called upon a number of especially promising prospects in the neighborhood of Washington's old home; and who expanded the later editions of his immortal work with suggestions and anecdotes furnished by his readers. Since the narrative of the unfortunate cherry-tree and the heroic truth was supplied by an elderly, distant female relative of the Father of His Country—a relative who had profited by much access to the Washington home—Parson Weems was apparently justified in accepting it at face value and stressing its moral significance. Fundamentally there is obviously no reason why a boy shouldn't tell the truth, at no matter what cost; and so the grave historians who opposed the tale for any one of a number of academic reasons may be suspected of an attempt to set up their own boyish morals as a standard. Anyhow, the Weems method of biography appears to have been singularly homely and coöperative. It is pleasant to think of him as an author and book-agent all in one, jotting down notes

cheerfully after having managed to get his foot inside the door. Then, too, the observance of Washington's Birthday is made happier by reason of the support lent to a favorite old anecdote by a man as well qualified to discuss it as Mr. Barton.

FATHER HUDSON'S Ave Maria tells of the leper colony at Makogai in the Fiji Islands, where 400 men, women, and children are cared for by twelve Sisters. The superior of the little community writes: "Some of our people are real saints; the best of all, I think, is a convert, an old man from Australia, who, besides being afflicted with leprosy for twenty years, is blind. He cannot walk any distance by himself; he spends his time saying the rosary, and thanks God every day because through the terrible disease he has found the true faith. Although he feels his cross heavy, he says it is deserved. I will ask his prayers for all benefactors." This vignette out of the Far East testifies to that rare, Christian attitude of soul under the pressure of suffering which Sister-nurses seem to be able to encourage wherever they establish themselves. We may suppose that the sight of spiritual beauty is one way in which they are compensated for their heroic readiness to live close to physical suffering and decay—to the horrors of leprosy and cancer. There are no people quite like these Sisters. One wonders how the world could ever be indifferent to them, as it unfortunately is in so many places.

COMES to the editor of *The Commonweal* an invitation to join the Communist Clan, an organization founded by E. J. Irvine, 1510 Thirtieth Street, North-West, "Voteless Washington." Catholics, Mr. Irvine informs him, are barred from joining the clan ("spell it with a 'c,' M' Lud") unless they are willing to renounce fundamentalist Catholicism or else agitate among their church congregations for an independent American Catholic Church, free from the Pope of Rome, like the radical Catholic Church of Mexico under Perez. On the other hand, if the editor will renounce fundamental Catholicism and the Pope, great shall be his reward. As a member of the clan, he shall be entitled to wear a black necktie and sport a flaming red handkerchief; and as soon as the membership reaches 100,000, he may obtain a red shirt—"the red, a boast of Bolshevism, the ebony of philosophical anarchism, highest form of beauty and freedom, and natural product of evolution from Marxist-Lenin communism." Is the inducement insufficient? "The most advanced members of the Communist Clan will be eligible to become Red (or reformed) Bahais—vegetarian, anti-papist left-wingers of the Bahai movement." Further information is promised in return for ten cents. Quite reasonable, the editor admits, but he has lost interest. The prospect of being a reformed Bahai in a red shirt may be alluring, but the insistence on vegetarianism is, as Artemus Ward would have wisely remarked, "2 mutch."

THE INFLATING OF BULLFROGS

IN AN article in the *New Statesman*, on *The Present Inflation of Literary Values*, which has started a brisk correspondence in the London publication, Richard Le Gallienne points out that certain bullfrogs of the publishing preserves have become so big by their own continuous "boom, boom," and the general chorus of blurb and critic, that they disclose themselves to many, "not as bullfrogs, but as bulls."

Seeking an explanation of a phenomenon as amusing as it is astonishing, Mr. Le Gallienne suggests that perhaps, after all, the literary inflation may be only a subdivision of the inflation of all contemporary values. He might have carried the thought a little further; perhaps this universal inflation is the result of a steady campaign of disparagement of the past with consequent deflation, which permits false appraisal of the present by stultifying standards of comparison. With the masterpieces of former generations dismissed with a sneer, it is easy for the discoverer of the present to find in every pond, and in not a few puddles, sounds indicative of surprising genius.

In those days of the past, when the work of an author approached genius by the taking of infinite pains, there were readers of books as well as writers of them. The achievement of the present is that it dispenses with the reading of books. Organizations are formed for this very purpose; they furnish outlines and synopses and much material about the writer—his favorite recreation, his views on prohibition and evolution, and his opinion of his new eight-cylinder car. The inflation of the bullfrog begins with the appearance of the jacket enfolding his first work. At this stage, the boom of the other bullfrogs begins to be heard. One by one they raise their voices in acclaim. For this is the sweet nature of the bullfrog; he must be kind and loving today, for tomorrow his new book will appear.

At the proper period of growth, the author becomes a lecturer. This not only adds to his bank-account, but gives him opportunity to explain modern literary values to the multitude. By this time, he is nearly ready to write a history. There was a time when the writing of a history was quite an undertaking. The estimate of the events of a special period, of a reign, involved years of study and research. Now, the history of mankind is dashed off in monthly or weekly numbers. It demands only that disagreement shall be expressed with everything written before the beginning of the twentieth century. The bullfrog has now become so big that when his history becomes topic for Sunday sermons and illustrated syndicate articles, his interpretations, boiled down so that the really literate may discuss them at parties, are accepted as gospel.

Bigger and ever bigger. Some day, surely, he will burst—but not while his inflation means the inflation of the bank-accounts of publishers who can convince the public that Morley's estimate of Gladstone is not to be compared with that of a Captain Wright.

SPIKING THE GUNS

THE Briand reply to President Coolidge's invitation to attend the proposed Washington conference is an exceedingly interesting document. In declaring that his country is "conscious of the obligations imposed upon it as a member of the League of Nations," the French Minister may have been subtly rebuking the United States for its aloofness from foreign affairs, but he was primarily restating in effective form the European policy he has been so steadily pursuing.

There is no doubt that Briand has done more to create a rapprochement with Germany than any other man could have accomplished. It is likewise clear that this achievement has made for him a great many enemies at home and abroad. Germans like Dr. Duisberg, the Ruhr magnate, have steadily applauded the program realized at Locarno and Thoiry; but others have considered the "sacrifices" imposed too great for any nation to bear. Similarly, almost every moderate organ and statesman in France have openly endorsed Briand, regardless of the many things they may not approve in the man; while on the other hand, opposition to him—led, we must believe, by Poincaré himself—has been vigorous all the time. Most of the parliamentary debating now going on in European countries is, as a matter of fact, the outgrowth of these differences.

The attention given to a recent "disclosure" made by the Belgian Minister of Defense may, for instance, be taken as significant of what many are thinking. M. de Broqueville maintained that Germany's army of 100,000 men is costing three-fifths of the total sum she expended for land armies before the war, and that it could easily be expanded into a fighting force of a million men. This is, of course, an old bogey and creates a sensation whenever it is brought to the fore. Briand's answer to it has consistently been the right to investigate Germany's observation of disarmament stipulations laid down by the Treaty of Versailles, which has been conferred upon the Council of the League. Articles in all treaties specify that the Central Powers undertake "to submit to any investigation which the Council of the League of Nations, acting if need be by a majority vote, may consider necessary." If, therefore, the prestige of Geneva is fortified, the danger from German belligerence will almost automatically cease to exist. Briand's corollary from this conclusion is that France should discontinue irritating the population of the Reich and work to create confidence by helping to carry out the League program of disarmament as speedily as possible.

This program has, indeed, become the point upon which German apologists are most insistent. They declare that the greatest hindrance to military curtailment is a moral one, and that honesty and sincerity are needed to clear it out of the way. Writing in Hochland, Count Montgelas, the well-known German student of contemporary affairs, has this to say:

"Germany has disarmed, in so far as personnel and materials are concerned, more fully than any other white nation in history. Under the pressure of the Military Control Commission, it has gone farther than the mandatory clauses of the Versailles Treaty stipulated. Finally, at Locarno, it made a sacrifice unparalleled in the records of civilized nations—a sacrifice which was moral as well as material—by agreeing that it would never seek to regain by force that Alsace which for thousands of years has been inhabited by Germanic peoples and which, in so far as language, custom, and culture are concerned, is still nine-tenths German. It made the same agreement regarding the provinces of Eupen and Malmedy, which were taken from it through a made-to-order plebiscite, without any semblance of justice. It accepted the one-sided demilitarization of its west province, so that its own frontier is now fifty kilometers in from the Rhine."

One may think this claim somewhat exaggerated, but the facts it summarizes do indicate that Germany has gone very far in meeting the spirit represented by M. Briand. People who make too much of the Reichswehr forget such matters as where the frontier is, what barriers the moral obligations imposed by treaties are, and what effect the consciousness of insufficient defense has upon a strong nation. They do not seem to remember either the point which is central in the German attitude toward disarmament. The Versailles Treaty bound the allied powers to curtail armed forces. Article Five said very clearly: "In order to make possible the beginning of a general limitation of armaments by all nations, Germany agrees to carry out faithfully the provisions regarding the land army, the sea power, and the aviation forces." Later on, the allied powers appended the following remarks: "The . . . powers wish to emphasize the fact that their stipulations regarding the armament of Germany have for their purpose not merely to make it impossible for the German government to resume its policy of military offense. These stipulations are designed rather as the first step toward universal limitation and reduction of armaments, which the powers indicated seek to bring about as one of the best means to prevent wars." And therefore, Article Eight of the League covenant stated the principle of disarmament on the basis of which the recently held conferences have acted, and in the spirit of which real diplomatic progress toward international reconciliation has been effected.

The people of the United States must, therefore, hope that the attitude sponsored by M. Briand on behalf of France will prevail. They must also avoid trying to turn the disarmament current into a channel alien from the League of Nations, or themselves taking any stand at Geneva which would make it difficult to carry out the moral obligation assumed by the League. Meanwhile, fears and doubts, prevalent in nationalistic circles, ought to be discounted in favor of a constructive political desire to make those fears and doubts more and more untenable.

DEFIANCE OF ELPHEGE DAIGNAULT

By ERNEST F. BODDINGTON

AN EXTRAORDINARY situation discloses itself in the diocese of Providence, Rhode Island. One Elphege Daignault, in conjunction with other Catholics of French-Canadian ancestry, has brought a suit in equity, in the civil courts against his bishop, the Right Reverend William A. Hickey, charging unlawful use of church funds in ten parishes. Named with the Bishop in the proceedings instituted in the Superior Court are the vicar-general of the diocese, Monsignor Peter E. Blessing, and the corporations of five churches in Woonsocket, three in Pawtucket, and one each in Central Falls and Manville. He has made this move in the face of a ruling by the Sacred Congregation of the Council and against the opinion of the Apostolic Delegate to the United States, both of which were sought by him.

According to the census reports of 1920 there were in the New England states some 240,000 residents who had been born in the French-speaking parts of Canada, with, of course, several times that number of French-Canadian ancestry. Of the 240,000 actually born in the province of Quebec, 28,887 were in the tiny state of Rhode Island. The Americanization of the French-Canadian is not the easiest of tasks and it is complicated by the fact that organizations in Canada committed to the spread of the French language and French customs, which have sought by colonization and other methods to spread their gospel in the English-speaking provinces of the Dominion, have not overlooked the fertile field in nearby sections of the United States. Not so very long ago it was necessary for Bishop Fallon, of London, Ontario, to curb activities in his diocese which were enlisting the services of some of his priests.

Bishop Hickey has no prejudice against those of French-Canadian ancestry in his diocese. He would think it strange if the use of French was not common in many homes and if societies such as that of Saint Jean Baptiste did not flourish. But he does think that every opportunity for the full understanding of America and American ideals should be afforded all of his people. Perhaps he recalls the words of Cardinal Gibbons published in a German newspaper at the height of the Cahensly agitation: "We are striving for a certain homogeneity in the United States, whose outward expression is the possession of one common language—the English. But we have no thought of violating the love of the old fatherland, which is a sacred feeling."

Realizing that higher education makes for a fuller comprehension of American ideals and American standards, and that high schools take boys and girls at an age when their future as good citizens of America is largely determined, Bishop Hickey, four years

ago, organized a "drive" for funds with which to build such high schools to make better Catholics and better Americans. Following the methods employed with general approval and uniform success in other dioceses, he set a quota for each parish to raise, spreading the contributions over a period of three years. Here let it be said that these quotas were met or exceeded by all but two or three of the parishes. But announcement by the Bishop of this plan to provide adequate high schools for the Catholic youth of his diocese met with an unusual response from Elphege Daignault, a lawyer of Woonsocket, who wrote to the Ordinary telling him the proposal must be abandoned. If it were not, said Mr. Daignault, he should take the matter to Rome and compel its abandonment. He based his demand on the ground that money could not be taken from one parish and applied to purposes by which another might more directly benefit. Naturally, Bishop Hickey did not pay any attention to this order from the attorney. He knew that under Church law he had complete control of all property of the Church within the boundaries of his diocese and that he was responsible for what he did with it to the Holy See and only to the Holy See. He also knew that where parish property was administered by priests, or by mixed bodies of priests and laymen, the discipline of the Church gave him full power to change or modify any action of his subordinates. So he went on building high schools.

Now who is Elphege Daignault and why should he have taken this stand against his bishop? He is a lawyer who aspires to public office, a fluent speaker and a leader in the activities of certain of the French-speaking groups in Rhode Island. About the time he began the controversy with Bishop Hickey which he has now taken to the civil courts, he was seeking the Republican nomination for judge of the Superior Court. He was unsuccessful. He is now a candidate for city solicitor of Woonsocket. His claims as a politician have to be weighed against the amount of influence he can exert among those of similar ancestry and speaking the same language as himself. When Bishop Hickey launched his high-schools project, there was in Woonsocket a small *collège* which was the pride of most of the old-time French-Americans of the town. True, it had only a few boarders, was a wooden structure near a carline, and had little ground around it—still it was a *collège* and only those who know the province of Quebec, dotted with these institutions which may grade from a good grammar school to a near-university know what such a school means in a French-speaking community. When Bishop Hickey proposed to substitute for this school a modern college with every convenience and ample grounds, it was easy to arouse sentiment. El-

phege lost no time in arousing it. His fight against the new Mount St. Charles College has continued to this day and always, directly or indirectly, the impression is conveyed that this splendid new structure, built for their benefit, is for others than French-Americans. For example, the Bishop placed in charge of this new school Brother Josephus. Now it happens that the worthy teacher is of mixed Irish and French-Canadian descent and his name outside religion is Denis McGarry. In speech, in habits, in every tendency he inclines to the French side of his parentage. But Mr. Daignault will not recognize that he is simply Brother Josephus; on every possible occasion he refers to him by his Irish name. More, the very name of the college is added to whenever it is spoken of—it becomes Mount St. Charles, Patrick.

Elphege Daignault carried out his original threat and took his alleged grievance to Rome, applying first to the Sacred Tribunal of the Rota and when that body declined jurisdiction, to the Sacred Congregation of the Council. As the Bishop went right on with his plans for high schools, Daignault had to find some means of circulating and intensifying the opposition of which he constituted himself the champion. He decided to start a newspaper and *La Sentinelle* was born. This was quite an ambitious project in its beginnings; it was to be a daily and was to fight anybody or anything which it thought ought to be fought. It soon found someone to fight in addition to the Bishop. Application had been made by Mr. Daignault to the Press Department of the National Catholic Welfare Conference for the news service of that organization and readers of the early issues of *La Sentinelle* were informed that this excellent news service had been obtained. But the N. C. W. C. news service is a service maintained and financially aided by the bishops of the United States and one of the regulations under which it is supplied is that new subscribers shall have the sanction of the head of the diocese in which the publication is to appear. It was scarcely to be expected that Bishop Hickey would approve a publication which was not under his control and which was published by one who was openly opposing him. He notified the Press Department of the Conference that he could not endorse the application for a franchise for *La Sentinelle* and the department was obliged to inform Mr. Daignault that he could not purchase the service. Immediately the National Catholic Welfare Conference became another target for attack.

The plan to make *La Sentinelle* a daily had to be dropped and it became just one of the several weeklies published in French in New England. But it continued the fight against Bishop Hickey's plan for high schools although that plan was becoming more of an actual fact every day with the building of new schools. This fight was not confined to the columns of the newspaper. Meetings were held frequently at which Mr. Daignault and others made inflammatory speeches. In one or two cases, the "Crusaders"—as the followers of

the Woonsocket lawyer began to call themselves—were even encouraged by priests. In the early days of the "crusade," much assistance was received from the province of Quebec where the impression in some quarters seemed to be that an effort was being made to stifle the speaking of French and the perpetuation of French traditions in the diocese of Providence. Perhaps the most extraordinary feature of a most unusual and deplorable situation was the action of a clergyman from lower Canada who, preaching a mission in the diocese with the permission of the Bishop, took advantage of the opportunity to embolden those who were making the fight against his episcopal host. It is only fair to say that this ardent nationalist later heard from his ecclesiastical superior in Quebec and will not have opportunity to repeat his offense.

A little more than a year ago, the decision of Rome was forwarded to Bishop Hickey and to Mr. Daignault. The appeal of the Woonsocket lawyer was denied. The blow was a severe one to the "Crusaders," who had been led to believe that there could be no question that a decision would be given in their favor. But Daignault had gone too far, by this time, to retreat. New hope had to be furnished to his surprised followers. He inspired it by announcing that he would appeal to the Apostolic Delegate at Washington for permission to bring suit in the civil courts, recognizing that to do so without permission was to lay himself open to probable excommunication. It was some time before this action was taken and it was longer still before those whom it was sought to stiffen learned of the result. It began to be rumored that an answer had been received but the readers of *La Sentinelle* were not informed on the subject. But there are other newspapers printed in French in New England besides *La Sentinelle* and most of these have been outspokenly hostile to the course pursued by that publication. In the middle of January, one of these, *La Justice*, of Holyoke, Massachusetts, demanded to know why, when so much had been promised from this appeal to the Apostolic Delegate, nothing had been heard of a decision which many had reason to believe had been given. On the following Sunday, in every church in the diocese, that decision was read. In a pastoral letter, Bishop Hickey gave the ruling of the Sacred Congregation of the Council and the answer which His Excellency Archbishop Fumasoni-Biondi had made to Mr. Daignault. This last document read as follows:

On my return to Washington, I read with displeasure your letter to me under date of October 30, relative to the collections for the diocesan high schools in Providence.

It is a matter of surprise to me that, while you profess to be a loyal Catholic, you are an active participant in this agitation against your bishop, especially in view of the fact that the Holy See rejected your recourse.

It is high time you abandoned your uncatholic agitation and in a spirit of true and practical loyalty give your bishop the support he deserves in furthering the cause of our Holy Faith.

Then Mr. Dagnault broke his silence. Acknowledging that this reply had been received from the Apostolic Delegate, he made public a further communication he had addressed to His Excellency. In this he said:

If Your Excellency considers our proceedings "an uncatholic agitation," it is another way of forbidding American Catholics to demand recognition of American laws. Such a manner of interpreting the rights of Catholics of this country, in a purely administrative matter, will be harmful to the Church if it be finally admitted as her policy. . . . In everything we are doing and which has been described to you as "uncatholic agitation," we have but one object—to aid the cause of the Church which, in our diocese, suffers from crying abuses, and to promote the salvation of the generations of our compatriots who will follow us. Those who told you otherwise misled you odiously.

Later, Mr. Dagnault is at pains to assure the Apostolic Delegate that he is "a practising Catholic in all the meaning of that term—a Catholic who believes that the commandments of the Church must be obeyed as the commandments of God," but to this he adds these very significant words: "This, which may appear pharisaical, will be considered by Your Excellency, I hope, in the circumstances, as a legitimate defense."

That this practising son of the Church who regards its commandments as the commandments of God has reason to fear that some may consider him pharisaical

is shown in the editorial which appeared in the issue of *La Sentinelle* in which this second letter to the Apostolic Delegate was printed. "Our readers," he says, "no doubt expect us to say a word about the question of excommunication, as it is on every lip and is being discussed in all the newspapers. This question does not worry us a bit." Which for a practising Catholic of the kind disclosed to the Apostolic Delegate is, to say the least, astonishing.

Ten suits in equity have been brought in the Superior Court of Rhode Island. They seek an accounting of the use of funds in certain parishes and name as respondents Bishop Hickey, Monsignor Peter E. Blessing, the vicar-general of the diocese, and the corporations of the various churches. Each of these corporations consists of the bishop, the vicar-general, the parish priest, and two laymen. A question which doubtless will receive the attention of the Court is the extent to which the regulations and discipline of the Catholic Church have been accepted on other matters by these bodies. In some dioceses where similar corporations exist, acknowledgment of the regulations and discipline are made a part of the by-laws. The brief of Pope Gregory XVI, issued in 1841 when the claims of church trustees in certain sections of the United States had demanded the attention of the Holy See, laid emphasis on the fact that all rights of inferior administrators depend entirely upon the bishop who is in charge of the diocese, and those within his jurisdiction can do only what he empowers them to do.

A MODERN CATHOLIC ARCHITECT

By LEWIS MUMFORD

A LITTLE while ago I attempted in *The Commonwealth* to outline the conditions under which a living architecture might flourish in the churches. I was not aware when I made this attempt that the solution had already been incorporated in the architectural work of Mr. Barry Byrne. Since that time I have seen numerous photographs of Mr. Byrne's buildings which have tempted me to write about them; and with difficulty I put aside the temptation until I might examine some of them on the spot, not merely looking at them from the favorable angle chosen by the photographer, but walking around them and into them.

As a result of such an examination, my enthusiasm has only been heightened. Here is an architect who has reconciled tradition and innovation; here is an artist who expresses the continuity of the Church with its own past, without attempting to stereotype its present activities and ministrations in some dead form of that past; here is a builder who has faced sincerely the problems of his own day, who uses simple and direct modern methods of construction, and who, out of this simplicity and directness, lays aside the means

necessary for a fresh and vital art in every intimate element of the Catholic ritual—in the font, the altar, the Host, the accessory chapels, the Stations of the Cross. I speak with partiality about Mr. Byrne's work, because he has in practice embodied the ideas which, I believe, are essential to the solution of every modern architectural problem, be it a church, a school, or a factory. Mr. Byrne has indeed approached very closely to Mr. Sullivan's goal: a rule of building so broad as to admit of no exceptions. When we master that rule we will have a living architecture.

To understand the importance of Mr. Byrne's architecture, one must see it against its background. There have been two lines of genuine advance in the development of American architecture. One of them has been the elaboration of new materials and functions: the use of the steel-frame and ferro-concrete and the close adaptation of a building to its functional use—these two characteristics have created structures which by their logic and method, if not by their ornament and finish, belong wholly to our own time. The decoration of a modern theatre may be feeble; but there are no pillars to obstruct the view. The columns at the

base of an office building may be claptrap; but the mass of the building itself may, as it were, shake off these stale touches and announce its own essential lines. Unfortunately, the architects who work most effectively in these new materials have confined themselves chiefly to industrial and commercial buildings; and when they turn, for example, to churches, they fall back either upon ancient methods of stone building, or upon stone forms, helped out in tight places by modern systems of construction.

The second line of advance rests upon the first, and endeavors consciously to complete it. This advance has been the work of a series of architects, beginning with H. H. Richardson, and going on through a continuous group of Chicago architects—John Root, Louis Sullivan, Frank Lloyd Wright, and latest of all, Mr. Byrne. If one can sum up the common element in the highly diversified work of these architects, it has been to use the primitive forms of modern mechanical construction as the basis for an aesthetic expression which shall logically be bound up with it: this involves sloughing off old systems of ornament and historic styles, and creating new patterns. Working under this impulse, Mr. Sullivan designed a number of country banks which were neither Greek temples nor renaissance palaces; and Mr. Wright created dwelling-houses which, by the altered relation of height and breadth, of window-space and wall, clung to the landscape of the prairies and brought the beauty of garden and pool almost into the interior of the home.

Mr. Byrne was a pupil of Mr. Wright's; and in his early designs the marks of the master are, naturally, evident. The prime lessons that Mr. Byrne learned from Mr. Wright's teaching, if not at every point from his practice, were simplicity and functional adequacy. These may seem to be very plain lessons indeed, but the ordinary student of architecture, who begins his study by drawing the Five Orders, and who at the end of his course has learned how to copy and adapt one or all of the historic styles is often very far from learning anything at all about this lesson, and he may spend years, as Richardson did, before he learns to work freely in the materials and forms of his own day. In coming to specialize in ecclesiastical architecture, in churches and parochial schools and convents, Mr. Byrne faced a situation which compelled him to free himself from his master's tutelage and to evolve a special order of design. The lessons themselves have remained: Mr. Byrne alters the relation of window to wall as freely in vertical groupings as Mr. Wright does in a horizontal treatment; but his innovations are transposed to a realm where tradition and historic continuity prevail, and these buildings are not less Catholic structures because they are also modern ones.

For Mr. Byrne "precedent" is in the nature of the Church's ceremonies and observances, rather than in the crystallization of these elements into some special architectural form in, say, the thirteenth century. At

the present time the church is essentially a sanctuary surrounded by a congregation. These are the cardinal points in Mr. Byrne's designs. The result is a wide unobstructed hall, high enough to give both physical air and mental dignity, and severe and calm in all its wall surfaces. In his exteriors, Mr. Byrne builds in a warm yellow brick, which differs from the local Chicago brick only by its greater warmth and uniformity: the walls are broken by narrow pointed windows, and the vertical lines are accentuated by indentations or by a fluted column of bricks: the design sometimes breaks as it touches the roof-line, into a crest of warm terracotta, ably modeled in a fresh pattern—not taken out of the terra-cotta dealer's catalog. The entire ornamental effect on the exterior is concentrated on the portal, partly because of its symbolic significance in the mediaeval church and partly because it is the natural point of interest in the design. Mr. Byrne frequently stresses the portal, in fact, as in the Immaculata High School and the Church of Saint Thomas the Apostle, by putting it in an angle formed by the two major elements of his plan. Within, the sanctuary is the main focus of the artist's effort: against the simplicity of the architectural frame all the intimate accessories of the ritual stand out with increased richness of effect. One further fact should be noted. By keeping to simple and modern constructional forms, Mr. Byrne can afford to put into original craftsmanship what would otherwise go into obsolete methods of building; and part of the success of his designs is no doubt due to the active coöperation he has maintained with Mr. Alfonso Ianelli, a craftsman-artist of genuine talent, who is as adroit in the design of a lighting fixture as in a symbolic carving.

Mr. Byrne has created a type of ecclesiastical design which can expand to meet great problems or contract to meet modest ones; his parish churches are admirable, and I have seen the sketches for a cathedral which uses the same direct and simple means to contrive an astonishing effect of solemn magnificence. In these buildings of Mr. Byrne's, the Catholic Church has made a genuine bequest to American architecture; for the point of view he has expressed and the methods he has put to work are capable of being used on other buildings besides churches and schools. I wonder if Mr. Byrne's work is sufficiently appreciated among those of his own faith? His splendid façade for Saint Thomas the Apostle's has been ruined by a wretched wall and gateway which effectually hide the building from the street approach; and by disregarding the conditions suggested by Mr. Byrne's plan, the abstractly excellent Stations of the Cross by Alfeo Faggi lose a good part of their aesthetic effect. Whatever may have been the personal issues involved, these things are aesthetically regrettable; and an outsider may, perhaps, express his humble regrets. At its best, Mr. Byrne's architecture is a distinctive achievement of genuine beauty; and even where it has fallen short, it is a brave experiment in the right direction.

EMERGENT EVOLUTION

By BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE

PROFESSOR Herbert Spencer Jennings, of Johns Hopkins University, recently delivered an after-dinner talk on what he describes as the "fresh unhackneyed subject" of evolution. If all after-dinner speeches were equally interesting, there would be fewer weary moments passed around the boards where men gather. The Professor rejoices that his own special brand of evolution is now in the ascendent, and that is the emergent variety whose harbinger was Bergson, and whose recent exponents have been Alexander, Lloyd Morgan, and General Smuts, whose work on Holism was recently reviewed in *The Commonwealth*.

Professor Jennings is more than a biologist; he is a philosopher and he sees the impossibilities of the old mechanistic philosophy of evolution which were set forth by Huxley when he said that a "sufficient intelligence" could have foreseen in the materials of the primitive nebula, the fauna and flora of the year in which his address was delivered. What is erroneous about this statement is that any less "sufficient intelligence" than the Intelligence which conceived the scheme of creation could have made any such prediction, since no lesser intelligence could possibly have foreseen the emergence of life, not to say consciousness. This is the position of the emergent evolutionist.

At this point confusion sometimes arises in men's minds, for they urge that under the "periodic" table of Mendeleef, and the "atomic number" scheme, there were—and still are—unfilled gaps; that some of them have been filled by elements since discovered, and of characters previously predicted. This is very wonderful no doubt, and a triumph of science, but not in *pari materia* with the other prediction. For the first is but the prediction of what would occur in a new arrangement of factors already known—protons and electrons. The other is the arrival of something associated no doubt with complicated groups of atoms made up of these factors but not explicable by them, unless we are to believe that consciousness or life are merely new rhythms in the dances of a number of atoms which come from no one knows where, and were set in motion by no one knows whom. Since this is far afield from my immediate subject, I leave it with the remark that today it is accepted by all thinkers that the evolutionary process, if true, is certainly not self-explanatory; most of them agree that, as Boodin puts it, the mechanistic philosophy is that which "makes the greatest demands upon man's credulity."

With this belief, too, even Huxley may be cited as agreeing; for it will be remembered that he declared that, whether it was the hardness of his heart or the softness of his head that led him to adopt the view, he could not but feel that besides matter and motion there was a third thing in the universe—namely, con-

sciousness—which, though it was met with in connection with the other two, did not depend upon them, and could not be explained by them. In a word, a new thing of a quite new kind. That is the emergent idea—that in the course of time new things emerge in the history of the cosmos. It is no new idea. In 1889, Alfred Russell Wallace pointed out that in the development of the organic world there were at least three stages, "when some new cause or power must necessarily have come into action." Life, sensation, and reason were the three, and each of these was a new thing of a new kind.

Of course, there have been many other minor emergences. There was a time when there were no vertebrates; presently things with backbones appeared—new things, though their newness was of a different character than the newness of the major milestones along the path of development. In the vegetable kingdom, there was a time when there were only naked-seeded plants, like conifers; then covered seeds appeared, like those of the apple. These were new things, though not of a striking newness. Professor Jennings would even attach to the idea the appearance of "a particular emergent individual," a Shakespeare, or a Napoleon; and no doubt such men do exercise a potent effect on the future generations of mankind. It is, after all, a matter of definition as to what a "new thing" is; but no one will deny that life was such when it separated the inorganic from the organic world.

So far, it must be admitted, the theory has only put into new words what we were very well aware of before. What it has done, however, is to cause men to see more clearly the flaws in the old mechanistic theory, which were so well put by Professor Jennings in his address. If that theory be true, then there is an end of biology; and physics becomes the only science. There is an end of experiment—for why work in the laboratory when, if you are of "sufficient intelligence," you can sit down in your study and with pencil and paper work out exactly what must happen? And there is an end of ethics—for if a man can act but in one way in a given set of conditions, that is in fact the only way he can act, and he is in no way responsible for what he does. The emergent evolutionist discards this theory because it does not allow for the perfectly new things which could not have been foreseen; nor for the new laws which they bring with them. The laws of nature are no doubt unalterable; but that is not to say that the code is closed.

With all of that we may well agree, but now the point arises at which we endure disappointment, for most of these philosophers leave off just when they were beginning to be interesting. Let us grant their scheme of evolution and the emergence in its course of

new things; what we clamor to be told is, where did this scheme come from, and how did its attendant happenings come to pass? In a word, as Professor Lloyd Morgan puts it, where did the system get its "go"? It could not have come into being, still less, kept going, without something outside itself—without some kind of cause. What was that? Jennings leaves that matter severely alone, as indeed he was quite justified in doing in a brief after-dinner talk. Smuts avoids deliberately the topic of theology, though he absolutely refuses to accept the Bergsonian deity. Lloyd Morgan does take this matter into serious consideration in both his volumes of lectures, but especially in his second which was recently published. He very definitely pins his faith to God as the cause of the "go." But what sort of a God?

In his first volume, it must be admitted that the hold on God is incomplete, for He is accepted by a "natural piety." It is true that the author "can form no adequate conception" of Professor Alexander's "emergent quality of deity, supervenient near the summit of the evolutionary pyramid." In the second volume, in which we are told that we are led to "the open door of the Cathedral of Christianity," we do not get further than the statement that the idea of God may be held "under acknowledgment," just as "the realist is not deterred from a belief in the real existence of a physical world because that presumption is not susceptible of a rigorous proof."

There, of course, the scholastic philosopher differs with the Professor, since he is convinced that the existence of God can be proved, and altogether apart from any recourse to revelation. But it is obvious that

Morgan's deity is the God of theism, and not of pantheism—a wholly different conception from the deity of the Bergsonian philosophy which is a "dieu qui se fait," as Bergson himself puts it. Of which conception it can only be remarked that if it be the true conception, then there is at once an end of all science. Professor Driesch, in his *History of the Theory of Vitalism*, tells us that "those who regard the thesis of the theory of order as necessary for everything that is or can be, must accept theism, and are not allowed to speak of a 'dieu qui se fait.'" Bergson, as his commentator Professor Wildon Carr compendiously sums him up, declares "that the universe is not a completed system of reality, of which it is only our knowledge that is imperfect; but that the universe is itself becoming." We need not quarrel with that statement—but what is causing the "becoming," and what is determining it? A blind God plunging forward along a path of which He is ignorant, toward some possible goal as to which He knows nothing whatsoever?

That destroys all possibility of an orderly world, yet the primary postulate of science is that there is order in the world; that there are laws; that a certain cause is followed by a certain effect. Without these and a belief in the possibility of tracking down truth in its fastnesses, the pursuit of science would be a vain thing, fondly imagined.

The emergent idea is of quite another character, and so far we can agree with it. But it, too, must have a Cause, and a Sustainer, as Professor Lloyd Morgan believes; and He must be of a very different character from the immanent, ignorant beings which some scientists have postulated.

THE WORLD AND THE CHURCH

By WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS

SEVERAL years ago, after the world war, two professors of history at Columbia brought out a "language" map of Europe. All over southeastern Europe tiny dots of color remind one of a wreck chart of the New England coast in sailing-ship days. That is exactly what this language map is—a wreck chart of ancient races. The wrecks it shows may hold for humanity great wealth long lost to the world, or they may prove to be a menace to peaceful navigation.

There is something of the evolutionary theory visible in the preparation for the spread of Christianity throughout the world; the rise of the world state idea in ancient history, gripping the imagination of rulers in the centres of population at the eastern end of the Mediterranean; the rise of the free cities of Greece; the amalgamation of the two political ideas in Rome, and the union of all the civilized countries of the world, at the beginning of the Christian era, in the first real world state, the Roman empire, in which absorption, coördination, and redistribution to the ends of civ-

ilization of the best in each was accelerated through a central administration, an official language, and a system of excellent laws. No more complete preparation could have been devised for the rapid spread of the new religion to the outside frontiers of the empire.

Then came the physical break of Rome. All civilization and all Christianity lay within the boundaries of the empire; all barbarism and all untouched paganism lay outside. When it was the turn of outside paganism for the Gospel and civilization, a great unrest set up on the fringes of the earth. Quite probably through the working of purely natural causes, since the plan of the world works that way, nomadic tribes far outside of the Roman influence came into motion; likely enough the drying up of water supplies in parts of Asia drove herds and flocks westward in search of grass, whole populations with them. In time these struck upon the outer European peoples in what is now Russia and drove them in upon the backs of the Slavs and Germanic tribes nearer the frontiers of

Rome. Wave after wave of peoples swept around the Mediterranean and into Europe from Africa and Asia, driving before them other tribes through the weakened Roman barriers, down to the very centre of the empire. Each succeeding wave settled in the fertile spots, breaking or being broken by previous settlers. Some of these hordes vanished completely, leaving hardly a name. Some merged into others, making new groups, and in isolated spots many small remnants of races persisted, clinging to their own ways and their own blood in the midst of populations that were of other origins.

Since the reconstruction period in Europe, these and other submerged units have risen above the surface, each moved by a current of longing for what, since the world war, has come to be known as "self-determination." They make up one of the most difficult problems of the European continent today. Economic reconstruction, delicate and intricate as it is, does not approach in difficulty the problem of how to meet the nationalistic aspirations of racial groups suppressed, some of them for centuries. They are truly the wreckage of history—derelicts which, not navigable themselves, may be salvaged with profit from the currents which carry them, or which may become a menace by further suppression of natural and very powerful desires.

During all the period when the peoples of which they once formed part surged over the face of what is now Europe, each in turn came into contact with Christianity, the only surviving bearer of the tradition of Roman civilization. Each did not absorb Christianity, however, in equal measure, even among those which accepted the new religion. It may well be that some accepted Christianity solely as the expression of civilized law and order. Christianity filtered through distinct eyes and minds; religion was affected by racial strivings, ancient pagan practices, new political concepts, by economic and social forces. The idea of a resurgence of the Roman empire, Christian this time, as a universal state in partnership with a universal religion shattered on the feudal system, on class discontent, on the coloring of religion by nationalism, on the ambition of kings to use or to curb the great power of the Church, on the ambition of unscrupulous individuals to seize upon the Papacy for selfish ends, boring from within, passing into the clerical state for power and eventual election to the seat of Peter. That is the greatest, because the most insidious danger that the Church has survived. Active persecution purifies and strengthens, in spite of losses. Inner ambitions corrode and threaten the whole human part of the fabric.

All these things combined brought about a split in the Church and bitter religious wars. A peace of compromise saved the continent of Europe from complete ruin, but left a trail of new disabilities, distrust, and rancor extending into all the activities of life down to the world war and our own times. Boundaries drawn

in 1648 on the basis of politico-religious divergence are now being redrawn on the basis of politics and language, with no more satisfaction to the small groups than before. Even religious unity may have been more nearly affected than we know by these disaffected survivals of the human inundations of earlier ages, remaining unsatisfied by attempts at political and doctrinal readjustment. Christianity, whether assimilated fully or not at all, was the force that moved the world of thought and action from the end of the Roman empire on through the middle-ages and the great religious wars to the French Revolution.

Many, however, whose various aspirations were unrealized included Christianity in their general discontent. Some attempted to make of Christianity a force for physical conquest; they sought to impose it on the world by force; there are still some who cling quite honestly to this obsession. With most it was a true spiritual influence. Since the French Revolution and in particular today there is another force working powerfully in the world, not for spiritual peace, but on discontent and for discontent, everywhere. Today it manifests itself most strikingly in what we call Bolshevism, without knowing very clearly what we mean. It has been painted as the religion of the oppressed, the relief of the despairing and desperate; it has been called the religion of the damned. It is not offered, however, in a form utterly repellent. It has an appeal to those who see no other way out of their troubles, and who wish to live. It works through human antipathies. Everywhere that Christianity does not meet the desires of men, this anti-thesis of Christianity takes form. And that is the problem of Europe.

In the period of the great trial of Christendom and the religious wars, a new link was formed in the evolutionary chain; an asylum was opened to broken racial remnants and religious minorities, in America. After our own revolutionary adjustment there was no spot on earth which offered so fair an opportunity for unhampered religious development. A free church in a free country has done a marvelous work in taking up Europe's wreckage, in building up once more the victims of those wars in peace and prosperity behind the fighting line, but the Church has not yet been able to build over or transform the transatlantic rancors remaining in us unconsciously from the desolation of Europe. We have built, but we are not yet a new nation; the new force in Europe is spreading to us also, and we are not yet prepared to meet it. It is only when we shall be clearly conscious of the causes of Europe's danger, when we shall have channeled our renewed vigor into the spiritual life of America that we shall begin to function truly as a new nation, rather than as a replica under new conditions of the failure which sent us all here. Then the free Church in a free country can begin to make the contribution to Christianity and to civilization which has been so long held back by the process of Christianizing pagan Europe.

JOHN INGLESANT

By A. I. du P. COLEMAN

MY FIRST reading of John Inglesant was in the far-off days not long after it made its public appearance (it had been privately printed in 1880, but no publisher would take the risk until May, 1881) and its amazing success, due in great part to an enthusiastic article by Mr. Gladstone in the *Nineteenth Century*. Being then at the unphilosophical age of eighteen, I skipped—I confess it without a blush—nearly all the philosophy, and read for the story alone; and I am quite ready to recommend the same procedure to any children of a larger growth who today, having no special interest in Platonic speculation, are minded to make the acquaintance of the book for the first time.

If it were not for a lingering doubt as to its proportion of philosophy disqualifying it as pure fiction, I should be inclined to place it among the first dozen of historical novels in English. I know, at least, of none which gives such a vivid and such a just picture of the mighty struggle between king and Parliament in the seventeenth century which must always be, for Americans as well as for Englishmen, one of the most interesting chapters in history. If Shorthouse seems to be a little more sympathetic to the Cavaliers than to the Roundheads, it may be partly because he puts himself so thoroughly into the mind of his gentle hero; but it may also be because the descendants of the Puritans have had, on the whole, more of a hearing in the ages that followed. "I have ventured," he says in his preface with quiet irony, "to depict the Cavalier as not invariably a drunken brute, and spiritual life as not exclusively the possession of Puritans and ascetics."

Audacious as it may well seem to touch Lord Acton's shield with one's lance, even now that he is dead, I cannot deny having felt, each time that I have looked at the twenty or thirty pages of his *Letters to Mary Gladstone* in which he impugns the historical accuracy of the book, a conviction that a little research would enable one to put up a fairly stiff defense. The fact is, the better we know our Inglesant the more we shall realize how much of the groundwork of it is straight from first-hand sources; to Shorthouse we owe the skilful fusion and the magic of the graceful and dreamy style. Indeed, this skill has led to the absurd charges of plagiarism so widely heralded.

Take, for instance, the seventeenth chapter, in which the chief figure is Henry More, the most human and fascinating of the Cambridge Platonists (unless perhaps Glanvill, who was an Oxford man). I once had occasion to make a study of More's writings, and accumulated some delectable folio first editions, of which I read enough to be able to say that scarcely a word is put into More's mouth in the book which did not first come out of it. Speech after speech of his

in Inglesant is nothing but a cleverly-woven cento of passages from More's own books or cited in the *Life* by his disciple Ward. A far lighter but equally illuminating instance of the same method is the truth to history of Lady Isabella Thynne, who flits in her charming disarray across the scene when the king and court are at Oxford—"the possessor of all the virtues save one," drily remarks her contemporary Aubrey. Lady Cardiff, too, is an accurate portrait, except in name, of the redoubtable Lady Conway, and her seat, "Oulton in Dorsetshire," is Ragley in Warwickshire.

But for the novel-reader the story justifies itself abundantly by more than one test: by the breathless interest with which it carries him on through the lakes of philosophy in which the current might so easily lose itself, by the distinctness with which scene after scene stands out in the memory years after the book has been read. There is the fearsome phantasmagoria which passes in the first chapter before Richard Inglesant's eyes as he lies in the guest-chamber of Westacre (which in reality is the Benedictine priory of Little Malvern, under the shadow of those hills on which Langland dreamed—you may still see its chapel, now an Anglican parish church). There is the thrilling scene in which the ghost of Strafford, two nights after his execution, appears to the king who has let him die—so strong in sheer narrative power that Professor Genung singled it out for inclusion in his bare score of examples of all forms of prose composition to set up as a model. There is the exquisite conclusion of the seventh chapter, where, with the call of his service sounding in his ears, John Inglesant renounces the love of Mary Collet at Little Gidding—and here again the setting is absolutely true to life. There is the tense duel of wits and wills when, single-handed against fearful odds, he sustains the king's honor before Lord Biron and before the Parliamentary tribunal. And perhaps most cherished of all in my own memory is the perfect scene in which Johnny meets his brother's murderer in the lonely mountain-pass at dawn and gives his vengeance over to a higher Judge.

That chapter, I think, is the one I should choose (though the choice would not be an easy one) if I could have but one to illustrate the serene beauty of style which is another unfading element of charm in the book. Unfading—yes, that is why a man can pick it up after forty years and find a fresh and surprising delight in it. It was not written in haste. More than ten years went to the gradual development of the first germ-idea which entered Shorthouse's mind. We are in far too much of a hurry nowadays; we must catch the fleeting impression of a moment as it passes—and the result is that the record of the impression is

scarcely more permanent. There are not many delicate artists in prose among us today. I have just been reading a new novel which has been reviewed with enthusiasm on every side; I think I will not name it, because what I want to say is that while it has a certain nervous, restless power, my pleasure in it was spoiled by its slipshod and careless style. But Inglesant gives you on almost any page an arrangement of words which is beautiful for its own sake, even if you let yourself drift along on the lulling flow of the music, heedless of the thought. It will bear reading again and again, at least for the finished art of its great passages.

I have heard it said that the end of the book is disappointing, because it is inconclusive. It may have been so to the average novel-reader of forty years ago, who liked to have everything settled for him after the manner of the final stanza of *The Eve of St. Agnes*. But we have come to understand better that things do not end; whether or not M. Bergson has anything to do with it, I could name half a dozen of the most moving novels of the last five years which are equally inconclusive. In any case, no one who has come at all close to the thought of the book can fail to see that no other ending would have been either logical or artistic. The whole thing is the story of how a man "followed the gleam": and what could be better or more in harmony with the mystical words of Saint John which stand in their original Greek on the title-page—"Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be"—than that our last glimpse of Inglesant should show him, since he is still in this world, still following, still seeking? That the masterpiece of a Quaker Platonist, brought up to listen for the Divine Voice in reverent silence, is not, after all, vague or meaningless may be seen from the fact that one of the most earnest and active converts to the Catholic religion in recent years, Robert Hugh Benson, was wont to name John Inglesant among the determining causes which led him to go out from all that he had known and loved, and seek until he found.

I do not know whether one should send those who have happened by chance upon John Inglesant and been duly impressed by it to the biography of its author written with loving care by his wife, two years after his death in 1903. The man seems to have been so much less interesting than his book. I saw him once, in the chapel of my college at Oxford, and was distinctly disappointed by his aspect. Poets do not always look the part: there is the delicious tale of the lady who, seeing Robert Browning in a roomful of people, inquired languidly, "Who is that too exuberant financier?" My recollection of Joseph Henry Shorthouse is that one would have taken him for a prosperous tailor rather than for a man who could set the most delicate fancies to moving and lovely words. Mr. A. C. Benson's impressions seem to have been much the same, received at an age when he too "had as an undergraduate read and reveled in John Inglesant, and was intensely curious to see him and worship him."

THE SLAVONIC STAND

By J. J. KONUŠ

MR. R. W. SETON-WATSON, professor of Slavonic Studies at King's College, London, recently characterized the relations between Slovaks and Czechs in the following words: "Having gotten over their honeymoon, they are now getting on each other's nerves." There is, of course, a reason for this, as there is for everything. There is a difference of temperament between Czechs and Slovaks; there is also a different historic and psychological background through a period of at least a thousand years, causing differences in development which the sudden joy of liberation could only bridge temporarily. But the main cause of all troubles in Czecho-Slovakia lies first in apprehension, second in misapprehension.

Historic development has made the Czechs decidedly anti-Catholic. It has made the Slovaks Catholic. Ask a Czech for the cause of the downfall of the Czech state in 1620, and he will assure you that it was due to the political machinations of the Roman Catholic Church in the services of the Hapsburg dynasty. Ask a Slovak who was instrumental in the preservation of his national identity, and he will answer, the Catholic Church. This difference of view on historic development alone could explain why each of the two major parties in the Czecho-Slovakian republic views the other with apprehension—fear of some kind of plot. The socialists of various schools, the so-called progressive elements, are afraid that in Slovakia political clericalism may attain such an ascendancy that it would become threatening to their power as political factors; the Catholic clergy in Slovakia are apprehensive lest together with the spreading of an economic doctrine to which they cannot and will not subscribe, other subversive theories might be carried among the masses.

If the Czechs are alarmed over the firm hold which the clergy have on the common people, the clergy are no less alarmed over the danger of adoption of a policy of "separation of Church and state." As a result, false slogans are raised on both sides. To make matters more complicated, the Czecho-Slovakian government, in pursuit of a policy of centralization of all administrative power, has refused to ratify an agreement, entered into with the American Slovaks during the revolution in 1918, and known as the Pittsburgh Compact. This agreement contains a provision which guarantees the ethnical identity of the Slovaks and calls for autonomy of Slovakia. It was signed by President Masaryk while he was still the head of the provisional government which conducted a revolution beyond the frontiers against the Hapsburgs, and by the American Czechs and Slovaks as a guarantee to the Slovaks, to safeguard them against just such occurrences about which they are now complaining. Here is the snag.

Incrimination and recrimination are the daily order. To be an adherent of the autonomists earns for one the accusation of being a separatist, a renegade, a traitor. On the other hand, the Czechs are summarily classified as atheists, heathens, and infidels. Both sides are wrong. The fight for ideals as it prevailed during the revolution, has degenerated into a shuffling for positions of vantage; and if the economic problems can be brought to anything near equitable adjustment, peace and harmony will be restored.

That the friction between centralists and autonomists did not assume a character more derogatory to the interests of the republic, is not a fault of either of the contending forces. But that there was at no time an intention on the side of the

autonomists to separate the republic from the mother-body, and that a reunion with Hungary was as much out of the question as was the setting up of an independent Slovak state, is best proved by the recent acceptance by Monsignor Hlinka's party—the Slovak Popular party—of two portfolios in the ministry of M. Svehla.

There may be a tug-of-war for more political power; there may be concessions made on the one side as well as on the other. But in the main, the proposition of unity of the republic remains undisturbed. There is no one in Czecho-Slovakia so blind as to believe that a reunion with the feudal aristocracy of Hungary would be anything but national suicide on the part of the Slovaks. There are, of course, some "hold-overs" from bygone days, unable to reconcile themselves with cold facts. Every country that has changed political systems has had them. Czecho-Slovakia is no exception. But they are insignificant and merely so vociferous because there are so few of them. Comparatively speaking, Czecho-Slovakia has the best ordered conditions among the many new states in central Europe. It has its growing pains, but in the end will survive them, with a little perseverance and good will on both sides.

(Author's note:—Since the writing of this article the Czecho-Slovakian government has granted the Slovaks partial autonomy, the details of which will be ultimately settled or agreed upon some time next spring. This explanation is made for the purpose of dispelling whatever intent of animosity may be ascribed to the above.—J. J. Konuš.)

COMMUNICATIONS

THE MERCURY SCHOOL AND METHODISTS

Huntington, Ind.

TO the Editor:—After reading Mr. Denis A. McCarthy's letter on The Mercury School and Methodists in The Commonweal of February 9, I am unconscious of having offended any of the canons of good taste or courtesy. The opening words of my review of Up from Methodism (by Herbert Asbury) in The Commonweal of January 12 run as follows: "I think it best to preserve the style and spirit of this book." It was my principal intention to give the readers of your review some idea of the contents and style of Mr. Asbury's book. That I, in the estimation of yourself, succeeded in doing this is proven by the fact that you accepted my manuscript for publication.

Did I "deliberately copy the Mercury way of writing," as Mr. McCarthy asserts? I plead guilty to the charge. That would seem to be the duty of a conscientious reviewer, to faithfully reproduce the thought and style of the particular author he is examining. Was my review of Mr. Asbury's book "a gleeful imitation" of his style? No doubt it was. Asbury's book is funny. I expressed very few of my own opinions, indeed, in that review; and I confined myself to pointing out, in the last paragraph, Mr. Asbury's chief deficiency.

I do not see wherein I have offended either against courtesy or wisdom. Leaving aside Mr. Asbury's scepticism toward all religion, the picture of Farmington, which he offers, is true to life. There are thousands of such towns in the hinterland of this nation. Neither Mr. Asbury nor the Mercury school to which he belongs can be correctly classed as "liberals." If anything they are humanists. It is true, as Mr. McCarthy says, that this school would attack Catholicism with as much readiness were it dominant in this nation; but why should it

be necessary, as Mr. McCarthy intimates, to make friends with the Methodists rather than with the humanists of the Mercury? Mr. McCarthy says: "It simply so happens that the Methodists are associated at present with prohibition and other activities which are extremely distasteful to the 'liberal' group"; but he might also have added, "and Catholics."

Are the Methodists "much nearer to us in belief than the writers whose sneers at all religion, all supernaturalism, are notorious"? If Mr. McCarthy wishes to make rapprochement with them, that is his business; but he will please excuse me. Evangelist L. W. Munhall, in his Breakers! Methodism Adrift, has something to say about their "supernaturalism" and their present-day loyalty to Bible Christianity which is not very much to their credit. I could hardly deny that there is, or at least once was, a "preternatural" element in Methodism; but I would not like to state what I believe to have been the source of that element.

There is one thing which I have observed about the sect under consideration which seems characteristic of it. Where it is strong and the Catholic Church is weak from a numerical standpoint, there is scarcely any limit to its anti-Catholic activities. On the other hand, where there are a great many Catholics its venom is somewhat blunted and its members and leaders even seek the coöperation of Catholics. But it will be noted that even where, as in Boston, Catholics have to some small extent been inveigled into helping with a "Watch and Ward" movement, the directors of the movement are careful enough to place a Methodist in charge to direct the work of "keeping the Puritans pure." There was some controversy about the "decency or indecency" of a certain chapter in Asbury's book some time ago; but a look behind the scenes ought to convince the thoughtful that what really hurt was Asbury's merciless exposure of Methodistic cruelty to the erring and straying. Had I lived in Farmington, I confess that I would have taken delight in sheltering, to the best of my ability, poor "Hatrack" from the snobbery of the "holy"!

ROBERT R. HULL.

EXISTING ECONOMIC DIFFICULTIES

Bourbonnais, Ill.

TO the Editor:—I trust that your patience and the patience of your readers will endure just one more contribution to the discussion on existing economic difficulties.

I regret that Mr. Du Brul finds my logic and ethics so distressingly faulty and I wish he had a foeman more worthy of the steel of his own incomparable logic and ethics. However, though I may be torn and bleeding, I gaspingly protest that I have not injected "a maze of irrelevant ideas into this controversy." The case proposed by Mr. Du Brul proves, as I mildly suggested before, the ethical absurdity of the present economic system. As Mr. Du Brul has an overwhelming devotion to logic I will venture, with the modest fearfulness of a pupil in the presence of a master, to put my contention in strictly logical form:

All economic systems which necessarily compel the owners of important and essential industries to pay less than a living wage or go out of business are in need of fundamental reform.

But the present economic system does compel owners of important and essential industries to pay less than a living wage or go out of business.

Therefore, the present economic system is in need of fundamental reform.

For proof of the minor I refer Mr. Du Brul to the case

he stated, which started this interesting discussion, and I throw in the figures he quotes from Secretary of Labor Davis for good measure.

Being a Catholic, I have a not entirely unusual penchant for desiring to be in accord with the doctrine of the Popes. Pope Leo XIII in a document with which Mr. Du Brul is perfectly well acquainted, said: "There is a dictate of nature more imperious and more ancient than any bargain between man and man, that the remuneration must be enough to support the wage-earner in reasonable and frugal comfort. If through necessity or fear of a worse evil the workman accepts harder conditions because employer or contractor will give him no better, he is the victim of force and injustice." Mr. Du Brul, in the case he stated, offers an Empson dilemma, one conclusion of which is that the employer must be allowed to pay a "notoriously low wage," contrary to the doctrine of Leo XIII, and the other, that he must go out of business with consequent disaster to himself and his employees. Despite my weakness in both logic and ethics, I refused to be impaled upon this kind of Empson's fork and therefore I pointed out that the only solution of these difficulties lies in fundamental economic reform, which under the circumstances can hardly be said to be irrelevant to the discussion.

It is quite unfair of Mr. Du Brul to accuse me of making the "morality of a present act contingent upon an economic hope." I rather chose the lesser of two evils. If there is a reasonable hope that in the immediate future the industry may be able to pay a decent living wage I think an employer may, for a short while, be permitted to pay a low wage in order to weather a temporary crisis. This, however, cannot be accepted as a final solution of the problem and I do not make the morality of the act contingent upon a future economic hope, but permit it because it is a lesser evil than to subject men to no work and consequent total destitution.

It would take too long to explain and defend my "theory of economic value." Mr. Du Brul is welcome to any consolation he can find in thinking my economic theory is as parlous as my logic and ethics.

Now in deference to the long-enduring patience of yourself and your readers, I must withdraw from the combat. I will leave Mr. Du Brul with the powerful weapons and impregnable armor of his logic, ethics, and economics to engage in battle with the insoluble problems of the present economic order. Girding the tattered shreds of my logic, ethics, and economics around my torn and wounded form I betake myself to the more hopeful and less difficult battle for fundamental reform of our economic system. Doubtless Mr. Du Brul will retort that this is advocating empty idealism and fighting a lost cause, but I fear fighting lost causes is an ineradicable racial defect.

REV. J. W. R. MAGUIRE, C.S.V.

THE BATTLE IN GOTHAM

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor:—With regard to The Battle in Gotham, it does not seem to be properly question of a President of the United States who in his private life shall be a Catholic, but rather of a President who in his public life shall realize and attempt to solve some of the problems of our national life which come within the President's competency; among others, and very weighty, the dilemma of American business.

Aside from the impropriety and danger of the misnomer which has crept into current political phraseology—"Catholic President"—it is question only of a Democratic or a Republi-

can President, faced with at least one major problem identical to both parties; the same dilemma arising in foreign affairs affecting our domestic life, and the same difficulties in approaching a solution.

It is not at all a question, and should never be allowed to become a question of the religious beliefs of a wise and honest and capable candidate. Whether any man complies with the annual spiritual duties of a Catholic at Eastertime, or even whether he is a daily communicant is not the business of the American people.

The term "Catholic President" is not merely irrelevant; it is actually and actively pernicious and harmful, an unseemly use of sacred things to further partisan political ends.

The real question before the electors hinges on the war debts and reparations and the redistribution of gold, to which, from the prevailing American point of view, an essential preliminary first step is confirmation of the sanctity of international and national obligations.

Then comes the problem and the dilemma: People without money to meet their obligations must produce and sell, perform services or collapse. In no other way can the European peoples obtain money to pay each other and us but by production and sale of goods or performance of services.

In competition with vigorous American export all over the world even in European home markets, and restricted in the American market by tariff walls, that opposition, essential to their prosperity, becomes increasingly difficult if not impossible. If they are not prosperous we cannot sell any more than they can buy, and the circle closes. The dilemma: curtailment of export or lowering of tariff protection for the United States on the one hand; and on the other, voluntary renunciation of "war debts" or scaling down of debts and reparations, after their validity has been vindicated.

The Republican party—and many Democrats—are wholly opposed to curtailing American exports for the benefit of competitive foreign imports, and are equally inimical to anything approaching free trade. If that is a right principle and prevails, solution must be looked for on the other horn, in the direction of cancelation of war debts and reparations—also a weighty question.

These problems call not only for thought, but for experience. Fortunately, there are men in both parties of the highest mental qualities and with the experience of successful constructive participation in the solution of post-war economic and financial difficulties. For a Mellon in one camp there is an Owen Young in the other. Fortunately also, the "Catholic President" misnomer is not yet an issue. It is purely and simply an unworthy appeal to honest voters who have and can have no adequate knowledge of the major problems of government, and whose vanity is tickled.

There are many outside of "Gotham," perhaps some in it, who feel that quite possibly the most serious point against a certain popular Gothamite as candidate is that insistence on this false issue is deliberately intended to bring out favorable "Catholic" votes in both parties because of the inevitable "religious antagonism" it will arouse; that it is an astute but dishonest political manoeuvre; that the injection of this false issue is not only stultifying to the candidate himself, but harmful to the church to which he belongs.

It is not our business to make religion an issue in American politics. It is nobody's business what a President's religion is in private life. As President he has none.

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

P O E M S

Quietness

I would kiss the hand of Quietness,
Like some white flower; fingertips as cool
As carved white jade upon my burning wrist;
Peaceful as lilies in an opal pool

Of beauty that would break my song
Into a cry star-wide, heart-long.

I would be a friend of Quietness
And rest my head upon her silken knees,
While in and out her limpid voice would weave
Throughout the wind's wild hair strange melodies,

That I might learn how love may be
Forgotten in eternity.

I would bend my knee to Quietness
And offer her the jewel of my desire
So she might be caparisoned for death
That watches from her eyes with passionate fire

To burn my eyelids down and keep
Me safe in silver-shadowed sleep.

VIRGINIA FOLEY.

Alone at a Concert

I heard no melody in brass or reed.
Not the plucked viol nor yet the stricken drum
Could make again my muted heart-strings hum.
No music in my ears my heart would heed.
For, thou not with me, I was deaf indeed
And all the music-makers smitten dumb.
But to my dearth did swift deliverance come:
I thought of thee—the thought sufficed my need.
The Architect of Beauty heard thy name
And His cathedral rose against the stars.
Down the dumb aisles of song the choirs came—
O Salutaris Hostia! . . . The bars
Of heaven fell, and beauty's altar fed
A singing soul with sacramental bread.

ELIZABETH CASE.

Wind Song

The wind cries through the day and through the dark.
The disembodied wind clutches at all
Things that have body. Like a silver reed
The great wind bends the long straight waterfall.

No body was made to hold the wind; it goes
Invisible, and beats against the seas,
Being troubled by the coloring of water
And the long-armed ocean-trees.

THELMA PHLEGAR.

The Subway

Unpacified, life
Rushes, shakes
To brief arrivals,
Brief intakes.

From place to place
From deed to deed
The sterile valley
Screams with speed.

Blue night is lost,
Rose day is waste;
The glare, the dark
Flash haste, haste, haste. . . .

Stagnation too
Sits down or stands:
In aimless eyes,
In halted hands.

KATHRYN WHITE RYAN.

Arrow-Heads

This draws us close whose times lie far apart,
This keenly chiseled triangle of stone
Found in my quiet garden, once your own
Untrammelled hunting-ground. For you the art
Of packing deadliness in one swift dart
Came by long practice till your hand had grown
So sure of touch and aim you dared, alone,
Defy a hostile world with dauntless heart.

Across the years I reach my hand to you,
My fellow-craftsman, pledge you by your skill
To meet the challenge you pass on to me.
Learn of the flint of truth to fashion, too,
Words with sharp edges, passion-winged to kill,
My slinking jungle-foe, hypocrisy.

MOLLY ANDERSON HALEY.

Conclusions

Petal by petal I plucked the stars from the rose of the sky,
Like a swain in the garden of love playing an old, fond game—
"She loves me," he breathes with delight, "She loves me not,"
with a sigh,
As he strips the leaves from the rose to the music of her name.

Infinite Lover, my own, I have torn the heavens apart,
Like rose-leaves piled at my feet the stars lie, numberless, vast,
Vesper and Venus and Mars have told their tale to my heart—
"He loves me" is always the first, "He loves me" is always
the last.

CHARLES L. O'DONNELL.

THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

Chicago

SINCE *Chicago*, by Maurine Watkins, labels itself "a satirical comedy," and has, as the target of its satire, the screaming tabloids, it cannot be appraised by quite the same standards as if an author had set out to tell a sordid story for its own sake. In a work of this kind, we must grant the author a sincerity of intention which, under other circumstances, we might well doubt. Of course, intentions are remote things to estimate at best, secondary in importance in any case, and apt always to confuse an issue. The time-worn plea of "I didn't know it was loaded" has never brought a corpse back to life, and surely the lack of malice in Pandora's mischief-making didn't help. The well-intentioned idiot, like the intentionally honest business man who perpetually fools himself, are preëminent examples of intentions that matter only before God and leave mankind to judge only by the dire results. So, in allowing the best of intentions to *Chicago*, it is still permissible to ask if a play whose satire points out only the painfully obvious, serves any broad purpose as a counter to its inherent vulgarity and sordidness.

Perhaps one could say in fairness that it is not a particularly harmful play. Its strokes are too broad, too entirely in the realm of burlesque to make it emotionally stirring. It is a racy study in absurdities, prompting laughter or disgust, but never false sympathy. It makes no plea for any of its characters. It lacerates them, one and all. It opens the ulcers of false sentimentality with a merciless knife and indicts the American public mightily for its foolishness in making overnight heroes of criminals and in demanding the filthy fare which the tabloids have become so expert at serving. It opens the back-stage rehearsals of criminal trials, exposes the obvious lies the public swallows simply because they are coated with the magic of print, and leaves to a crazy woman the only sane utterance in the play. On the other hand, if the dear public is not already initiated into such matters, then its stupidity is so dense that not a hundred *Chicagos* would make it any wiser.

The real question is whether, after constant daily mud baths from the metropolitan scandal sheets, it is necessary or useful or illuminating or particularly constructive to spend two hours in the theatre watching the same process repeated. Certainly it is not elevating entertainment. It has all the profanity and sordidness of its subject-matter, undiluted. It makes no attempt at serious character analysis, never transcending obvious types. It uses to the nth degree the modern freedom of theatrical speech, and ends up by giving the feeling less of high satire than of crass and all too faithful realism. A skilful piece of dramatic condensation—yes. A swiftly moving panorama of crime and the defeat of justice—yes. A useful play—hardly. A play without the saving illumination of art. A play that might, granted the odd twists of the public mind, give caste to the very thing it sets out to destroy.

The story is of Roxie Hart, who shoots her admirer because he has grown tired of her. At first Roxie's husband takes the blame. Then the truth comes out. A reporter tells the frightened moron that this is the chance of her life to gain first-page publicity, that no Chicago jury ever hanged a woman, and that she will be nationally famous overnight. From this point on, her spirits revive, and we begin in the subsequent scenes in jail and court to see the manufacture of a national heroine by the

tabloid newspapers, the interviews with the sob-sisters, the letters and gifts from admirers, the stage management of a famous criminal lawyer, the intervals of frantic boredom when other and more recent criminals get the front page pending Roxie's trial. Then the mythical story that Roxie is to have a baby. The rush to have the trial before her fake is discovered. Roxie's illusion of her own greatness. Her jealousy of sister criminals. Her wardrobe for the trial. Rehearsals of the trial itself. The trial. Roxie's acquittal. Her invitation to the dear jurors to come and see her opening in vaudeville. The final irony of a new murder in the court-house itself, with everyone rushing off to catch the new sensation, and leaving Roxie almost alone. The return of the crowd to see a flashlight taken of Roxie, the ex-murderess, arm in arm with machine-gun Jennie, the ascendent heroine of tomorrow!

It is the kind of play you would expect to see presented in the new expressionist manner, after the fashion of the ill-judged *Pinwheel* on Grand Street. But Sam Harris, the producer, and the indefatigable George Abbott, the director, have given it to us straight, with all the trappings of realism. It is reminiscent of Broadway, but neither as interesting a play as the latter nor as well cast. Francine Larrimore is completely effective as Roxie, and well supported by Charles Bickford as the tabloid reporter and Edward Ellis as the criminal lawyer. A number of quite minor parts are also well taken. But Juliette Crosby, as a rival to Roxie's fame, tries quite unsuccessfully to be tough, and Edith Fitzgerald as a gun-woman is far from convincing. Eda Heineman overdoes the part of Mary Sunshine, the sob-sister, and so loses much of its irony.

A last word is due Dorothy Stickney as crazy Liz. Impeccable in slatternly make-up, this young actress gives the one genuinely interesting character of the play its full measure of poignancy and purpose. It is Liz who gives us the one sane line mentioned above. One prisoner has just announced the doctrine that no one is guilty of murder until convicted. Whereat Liz screams: "I was a murderess the minute I shot my man. God judged me then. He knows I'm a murderess." Then they remove her as a crazy woman—highly disturbing to the other inmates! But in that line, the author's intention—for whatever it is worth—jumps into accusing stature.

Abie and the G. A. P.

FOR a moment we must get personal. Yes. After being in Atlantic City some five years ago when the world's first performance of *Abie's Irish Rose* was given, and having, at that time passed right by the theatre where, all unknown, stage history was being born, I have at last, and emphatically, seen this play, this Jewish and Irish comedy by which, for generations to come, managers will measure the mind of the great American public—the sadly maligned G. A. P.

And now comes the confession—a final breach of faith, perhaps, with all the art theatres and theatrical highbrows of this illustrious town, but none the less a true confession. I am one of the G. A. P. I enjoyed *Abie*! Disagreed with it, but enjoyed it thoroughly, laughed just where I was expected to laugh, swallowed hard when everyone around me was doing the same thing, met the sedate vice-president of a big bank between acts and found he was keeping me company, sat through to the last minute and was perfectly content that I had paid for

my seat and had never thought to ask for "press courtesies." And ever since, in that naïve way we have of making excuses for ourselves, I have been looking about for evidence that the G. A. P. is not so unsound, after all, in its silent judgment on plays.

In the first place, Abie meets all the requirements of Aristotle and Professor Baker as to theme, plot, structure, and characterization. You may not agree with its main theme, that religious belief is mere sectarianism and plays little or no part as a foundation for married happiness. But in a country where less than half the population acknowledge any special religious belief, the theme has its wide-spread appeal. We can accept that as a fact without agreeing with it in our hearts. The secondary theme, of young love opposed by parents, has at least the distinguished precedent of Romeo and Juliet. The plot has constant suspense. Action never lags. Characterization becomes quite individual—only occasionally relying on type. The comedy of line is a rather low and obvious form, but quite superior to many pretentious dinner-table witticisms one must sit through. Above all, Abie stands for sincere playwriting in that the author does not reside in Olympian heights above her characters. She is obviously fond of them. They are people of real feeling, even if simple feeling. They never cry for the amusement of the audience; they never make love for the purpose of being laughed at. The situations may be laughable, but rarely the people in them. And if the Cohans seem to be lifted from the comic strip and disprove what I have said, remember that Abie and Rosemary are glad enough to see them on a lonely Christmas eve.

If I may be allowed a further word of justification, personal and also in behalf of the G. A. P., is it quite fair to say that Abie is a cheap and vulgar show simply because it demands little mental effort from the audience? It seems to me I have heard of many an erudite bridge party in the country ending up with a trip to a quick-lunch counter for a hamburger sandwich and coffee, or, lacking the quick-lunch, with a raid on the ice-box. This, too, following an elaborate dinner in the early evening served to an epicure's taste! After all, the theatre is there to draw entertainment from life—not merely from one plane of life, but from anything that is true and sincere, tragic or amusing, riotous or reverent, tender or exuberant. If we must lament with Hamlet, we must also tap the ale with Falstaff, or leap from Phedre to Scapin. It was the same genius who wrote Macbeth and Twelfth Night. If Ibsen plays are all in one mould, perhaps it is because Ibsen was less of a genius than his worshippers believe. One admires Shaw the more for holding Pygmalion in one hand and Saint Joan in the other. The theatre is a place for entertainment—but not all of one kind.

One might grow gloomy over the G. A. P., particularly the New York G. A. P., were it not for the fact that Abie's fifth season also celebrates the second year of The Dybbuk, the emergence of Caponsacchi, the astounding success of Cradle Song, a promised revival of The Wild Duck, and the prompt failure of some twenty or more plays which did not have what the maligned Abie has—theme, plot, structure, characterization, honest feeling, and broad humor. Perhaps the G. A. P. knows its Aristotle after all!

The title page and index for volume IV of The Commonwealth will be sent to subscribers upon request. Arrangements have been made for binding volume IV in leather or cloth. Information on binding will be given upon application to the offices of The Commonwealth.

BOOKS

The Pope of the Sea, by Vicente Blasco-Ibañez. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

IT CAN be said of Blasco-Ibañez that he knows how to choose a striking title; The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse, Blood and Sand, Mare Nostrum, and The Shadow of the Cathedral are in their mere names placards that reveal the great journalist that is in this Hispanic author. We may pass over his hostilities which have won him few friends in the Church and state of his native country; we may excuse some inborn crudities of taste and some strange lack of dignity in this Spaniard who has, more or less forcedly, become a citizen in a world made up of radios, cables, moving-pictures and three-ring circuses. In the face of his undoubted powers as a constructionist it would be hardly wise to look for delicacy, sympathetic qualities, or fine touches of art. Even his humanity seems a forced note in his writing; he is the literary ogre, the publishers' superman; and in his mental mirror, no doubt he beholds himself as a giant composite of the Archpriest of Hita, Nietzsche, Galdos, and Victor Hugo. His element leads him after wars, stormy seas, violences of heart and hand; his heroes are the irregulars of life, the hospital types of humanity, the tragic morbidities and horrors of the Greek dramatists; his instruments are the trumpets, cornets and saxophones, the gigantic calliope-organs of the "movie" temples.

The Pope of the Sea, he tells us, is an historical medley and it shows some strange elements: the rather vulgar outline of an affair de voyage between an Argentine widow of wealth; the usual young Spanish hero with the scent of boarding-houses and municipal colleges about him; and a social world which generally reeks of the rastaquouère; sandwiched strangely with notes from the author's readings on a stubborn brave and unrelished Pope of disputed title—Benedict XIII, Don Pedro de Luna. Mr. Blasco-Ibañez has evidently followed with supreme gusto this entangled scandal of the anti-Popes, and if one is on guard in facing his interpretations and his findings, for he gives no authorities for much of his interesting detail, one finds a fascinating account, given with all a Spaniard's sympathy for a fellow-exile, of a remarkable personality.

Pedro de Luna was born in Aragon in 1328 of a noble family, and studied at Montpellier where he later became professor of canon law. In 1375 he was created cardinal-deacon of S. Maria in Cosmedin by Gregory XI and took part in the conclave, stormed by the Romans, which elected Urban VI, whose validity he later denied, to espouse the cause of Clement VII of Avignon. On the latter's death, he was himself elected Pope under the title of Benedict XIII, giving forth the impression that he would further the reunion of Christendom by resigning when an understanding could be established with the Roman claimants of the see. He revealed a great genius for diplomacy and a singleness of purpose joined to a blameless moral character that held for him the powers of France, Scotland, Castile and Aragon which, in time, were to be denied him. Embassies passed between him and the Roman Popes; the saints were enlisted in the controversy: Catherine of Siena and Birgitta of Sweden against, and Vincent Ferrer for the Spanish claimant. The climax came at the Council of Constance, where the various rivals were convened, and John XXIII saw wisdom in a sudden escape; Gregory discreetly sending his abdication from his castle in Viterbo; and Benedict XIII hearing of his deposition afar in his family castle of Peñíscola, near Valencia, Spain. He never accepted the au-

thority of the Council that deprived him of the Papacy, although his faithful adherent, Saint Vincent Ferrer, had mounted the pulpit and called upon him for the sake of the unity of the Church to resign the tiara. When he was eighty years old, a miserable and emaciated person, he spoke for seven hours in Latin before an assembly of emperors, princes, ambassadors, and scholars. Mr. Blasco-Ibañez sums up his address in these words:

"You say that I am a Pope of doubtful legitimacy. Let us grant that I am. But before I was Pope I was cardinal, and a cardinal of unquestioned status in the holy Church of God. If, as you say, all the Popes elected since the schism are of doubtful legitimacy, of a legitimacy equally doubtful must be the cardinals they have named. And since the election of Popes rests with the cardinals, I, the one authentic, the one unquestionable cardinal, am the only one with power to designate a legitimate Pope.

"I am, further, the only one truly cognizant of the questions of legitimacy involved in this schism. I am the only one who was present at the conclave where the schism arose. I am the only one legitimately empowered to apply such remedies as may be essential for the present evils of the Church. The dignity of the Church, and my own dignity, demand that I insist on this.

"Granted that I am not the legitimate Pope, I am at least the only legitimate cardinal. If you will not admit that I am Pope, you must admit that I am the only one with authority to name another Pope, and no legitimate Pope can be named without my consent, since I, beyond dispute, am the only legitimate cardinal."

The end of this obstinate career at the age of ninety-five, found Pope Benedict in full possession of his senses. The villagers about his castle did not learn for months on just what day he had died of his sheer old age. But the vigor of his claims was to suffer no abatement, for a few days before his death he created four cardinals so that there might be no interruption, he claimed, in the chain of pontiffs legitimately descending from Saint Peter.

The story of his schism peters down to obscure and miserable conclusions. Joan of Arc was accused of having associated herself with the schemes of a cardinal of Saint Stephen, one of Benedict's creations who ended his life stubborn under excommunication at Foix. The period is not a very edifying one for pious folk, but it would be too much to ask Mr. Blasco-Ibañez for any edification. Saint Vincent Ferrer anathematized the headstrongness of Pedro de Luna whose belief in himself seems to have been honest if selfish, and the saint's prophecy, later to be fulfilled, was that "in punishment for his pride, the street urchins will play at ball with his head."

THOMAS WALSH.

Religion in the Making, by Alfred North Whitehead. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.

IT IS refreshing to realize that some non-scholastic philosophers are investigating the metaphysical aspects of religion. With so much subjectivism in modern religious philosophies, it is indeed encouraging to read a book in which "objectivity," "permanent elements," "stable order," etc., are applied to the world and religion in the world. The present book contains four Lowell Lectures delivered by Professor Whitehead in King's Chapel, Boston, during February, 1926. It is a sequel to the same author's book entitled *Science and the Modern World*, wherein the basis of metaphysics is defined as "reason-

able harmony." There the author insisted that "there can be no living science unless there is a wide-spread instinctive conviction in the existence of an order of things and, in particular, an order of nature." Religion in the Making applies this concept of metaphysics to the analysis of religion.

Dr. Whitehead very arbitrarily traces the history of religion through four successive stages: the ritualistic, emotional, mythical, and rationalistic. When he comes to rationalized religions, among which are Christianity and Buddhism—both now in a state of decay—he proposes this definition: "Rational religion is religion whose beliefs and rituals have been reorganized with the aim of making it the central element in a coherent ordering of life—an ordering which shall be coherent both in respect to the elucidation of thought and in respect to the direction of conduct toward a unified purpose commanding ethical approval." This seems rather accurate but our approbation is checked by his designation of religion as standing between "abstract metaphysics" and "the particular principles applying to only some among the experiences of life," instead of describing religion as based ultimately on abstract metaphysical principles and informing every phase of life.

To estimate correctly anyone's philosophy of religion, it is, of course, vitally necessary to understand clearly his conceptions of God and man, the terms of the religious relationship. The author begins with a wrong principle when he states that "any proof which commences with the consideration of the character of the actual world cannot rise above the actuality of the world; . . . by considering the world, we can find all the factors required by the total metaphysical situation; but we cannot discover anything not included in this totality of actual fact, and yet explanatory of it." We are, however, surprised at his conclusions on the nature of God. For Dr. Whitehead "the nature of God is the complete conceptual realization of the realm of ideal forms. . . . He [God] transcends the temporal world. . . . He is the realization of the ideal conceptual harmony by reason of which there is an actual process in the total universe—an evolving world which is actual because there is order." God and the world are, therefore, linked by forms, abstract and not real. "Apart from these forms no rational description can be given either of the God or of the actual world. . . . Apart from God there would be no actual world." God is "the binding element in the world. . . . He is not the world, but the valuation of the world." It is upon the wisdom of God that "all forms of order depend." While we cannot agree with the author that "to be an actual thing is to be limited" and that God is not infinite in all respects, we freely admit that Dr. Whitehead's concept of God's nature is very satisfactory and that he almost formulates Saint Thomas's definition of the eternal law, as the plan of divine wisdom which directs all things to their due ends. We should like to have, however, more definite statements on God as the one, necessary Personal Being.

The reasoning of Dr. Whitehead on the nature of man is exceedingly unsatisfactory. He admits the existence of material and spiritual worlds but remains neutral on the existence of purely spiritual beings other than God, and on the question of immortality. Herein the author's metaphysical efforts show their weakness. Without a definite understanding of man's nature in God's plan, how can a correct religious philosophy be developed? But, after all, Dr. Whitehead does not propose to formulate an exact and scientific religious world-view. Dogmatic truths are helpful though "you cannot claim absolute finality for a dogma without claiming a commensurate finality for the sphere of thought within which it arose. . . . A dogma

in the sense of a precise statement can never be final." Thus Dr. Whitehead's metaphysics, instead of leading to something objective and permanent in religion, loses us in the darkness of religious scepticism.

Religion in the Making shows that there is a tendency among some modern philosophers to look toward metaphysics for its contribution toward a true world and life outlook. But the metaphysics of Dr. Whitehead is most unstable because it does not reach down to those fundamental notions which alone will be ultimate and permanent. The author's aim "to direct attention to the foundation of religion on our apprehension of those permanent elements by reason of which there is a stable order in the world," might have been attained had he regarded metaphysics as the science which sees the principles of contradiction, sufficient reason, and causality functioning in terms of being. The principle of causality must be understood as derived from the principle of contradiction through the principle of sufficient reason. The principle of contradiction itself is grasped by the operation of intelligence whose object is "being," the ground of all sound metaphysics. Using the principle of causality, ratiocination, as distinguished from intellection, will lead to a correct knowledge of God, man and the world with their proper interrelations. Thus will be discovered the stable order which Dr. Whitehead discusses.

The author refers to Cardinal Mercier's Manual of Scholastic Philosophy. May I suggest as far more enlightening the following excellent treatises: Maritain—*Reflexions sur l'Intelligence*; Sertillanges—*L'Intellectualisme de Saint Thomas*; Garrigou-Lagrange—*Dieu Son Existence et Sa Nature*; Sheen—*God and Intelligence*; Olgiati-Zybura—*The Key to the Study of Saint Thomas*. These will prove much more convincing and illuminating than Cardinal Mercier's abridged volume. Even a little knowledge of scholastic metaphysics with its application to scientific religion demonstrates that the most practical thing in the world is sound theory.

JOHN S. MIDDLETON.

Angela Merici and Her Teaching Idea, by Sister M. Monica. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. \$5.00.

FATHER YORKE of San Francisco was by vigorous style and still more by vigorous personality an inspirer. Sister M. Monica, Ph.D., of the Brown County Ursulines, Saint Martin, Ohio, fell under the inspiring spell of Father Yorke's words, and her dream "of gathering out of Italian and French sources, the lore that existed concerning Angela Merici and of setting it into some sort of approachable shape in English" has become a fine reality. In *Angela Merici and Her Teaching Idea*, Father Yorke has a worthy memorial, which, were he living, he would be proud to have cheered on to completion.

The message which could carry an author through 500 royal octave pages, through scores of quoted authorities in all languages, through painting and architecture, the message which gives to the Ursulines and to the Church and to scholars so creditable a work solidly documented in every statement, is a message deserving perpetual remembrance. The burden of Father Yorke's message was that teaching is an art as well as a science, that art is a personal possession, that artists have founded schools which keep alive their spirit, and that in the same way the great educational orders of the Church have their spirit, their art, their principles of educating. "To you I would say," declared Father Yorke, addressing Catholic teachers, "if you would succeed, enter into the spirit of your holy founders, study their lives and their ways, understand

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their aims, and with proper allowance for time and circumstance, conform yourselves to their methods." Thanks to Father Yorke and to Dr. Monica, the Ursulines of America can now imbibe the spirit of Saint Angela Merici, their founder, not from remote sources, but at its very fountain-head.

Education is becoming more and more scientific in content and method. Insistence upon personality is very welcome, and it was a happy thought to describe the growth of Angela Merici's ideal until it culminated in the teaching-idea of applying that ideal first to her order and then, through them, to the education of women. Sister Monica had not a large amount of direct biographical detail for her work, but she has enriched the slender rills with immense historical and antiquarian erudition. Gracefully, even sprightly, the style bears its burden and it is no contemptible feat to skip lightly along balancing a dozen volumes of encyclopaedias on each hand.

Renaissance Italy is the motley, bewildering background upon which grows Angela's teaching idea. The prominent features of her ideal were the founding of an uncloistered order, the maternal spirit, and instruction in Christian Doctrine. The chapters telling of the endeavors to realize the first features are the most interesting in the book for the reviewer. Angela wished an order almost akin to settlement workers today. The Comtesse Girelli, who died in 1919, revived the idea in its primitive form, but we are not told of the results of this revival. Tradition was too strong for the first Ursulines and not until Saint Vincent de Paul was there a partial realization of Angela's first idea through his Sisters of Charity.

The second feature of Angela's teaching idea, the maternal spirit, would almost seem a corollary of the first. If Sisters are not to live in a cloistered convent, they must live in their family, and they must have more of the maternal spirit than in institutions where division of labor keeps most of them from the intimacy and personal contact of a mother in a home. It is interesting to note that Father De la Cloriviere at the French Revolution founded an order living out of cloister and wearing no distinctive garb. The order is still thriving. Conditions in Mexico make that country an apt place for this idea. Sister Monica gives a satisfactory and thorough account of Angela's maternal spirit and shows its detailed application.

About the third feature, instruction in Christian Doctrine, there is room for discussion. "Dr. Ludwig Pastor is mistaken," says Sister Monica, "in thinking that education was not the kernel of Angela's institute; in thinking that, that established as a form of localized social service in a general sense, it gradually became, long after her death, an educational institute." To refute Dr. Pastor the biographer cites a rule of Angela's enjoining the teaching of Christian Doctrine and gives her injunction to inspire good conduct. Pastor's exact statement is not quoted, but the words cited by Sister Monica do not seem sufficient to show that Angela contemplated the erecting of schools. Christian Doctrine and good example hardly constitute an educational program in the ordinary meaning of the term. Certain other principles which Angela exemplified are referred to. Sometimes they are in a way parallel to features widely heralded as discoveries by modern educators. The biographer did well to point out such features, but they are too few and too indefinite to make Saint Angela an educator as we now understand the term. Even Ignatius of Loyola had no idea of schools at first.

The parallels between Loyola (1491-1556) and Angela (1474-1540) are numerous and striking. They were almost of the same age at death and were living contemporaries for

fifty years. Both made pilgrimages to Palestine. Both conceived the idea of new orders different from those existing, freer in movement and exempt from many traditional practices. Neither wished a distinctive habit for their orders. Both had extraordinary powers of winning friends and making followers. Both strove earnestly to avoid becoming leaders of their orders. Besides other similarities, which could easily be adduced, in education, too, their careers were similar. The first Jesuit Plan of Studies for the whole order was officially promulgated at the beginning of the seventeenth century; and early in the same century in France, Frances de Bremond began to formulate the first Ursuline Regulations.

Both Loyola and Angela deserve no less credit because they did not foresee in detail the immense development of their work. They contributed mightily to education; they selected and gave to the world a body of subjects; they trained these future teachers, imparting to them religious motives and fostering in them a religious character; they imparted their spirit to an organization and when the need of the times demanded teachers, the Church had them at hand. A faculty is better than a curriculum, and these great founders supplied the faculty for innumerable Catholic schools. The flexibility of their institutes implicitly contained the development afterward perfected.

Saint Angela's Sisters came from France to Quebec in 1639, a century after her death; and a century later, in 1727, they came from the same country to New Orleans. These foundations with their offshoots and many other Ursuline schools have brought to North America the blessings of Angela's teaching idea, and Sister Monica's able volume will be a monument to commemorate their services and to inspire wider and more fruitful endeavor.

FRANCIS P. DONNELLY.

The American People: A History, by Thomas Jefferson Wertenbaker. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$5.00.

THE compression of American history into a single volume is not an easy task and implies that omission of secondary facts which the author frankly confesses in his preface. Yet careful selection and rejection of the incidental and less important is the only method which would have made it possible to tell the story of the American people in one continuously readable narrative. Noting the futility of "writing history which only historians read," the author stresses the dramatic high moments and the outstanding personalities of his story's processional of development in a straightforward, natural, and interesting way. Nor is historic truth made subservient to the "romance" and "glamour" Professor Wertenbaker wishes to bring out in his story of the national evolution of the non-aboriginal American.

He follows a logical scheme. Four brief, but carefully written and colorful chapters, beginning with a picture of "aboriginal America . . . a land of wild beauty," take us, in forty-nine pages, to that assault on American liberty at Concord which marks the beginning of the American people as well as that of the War of Independence. Eight chapters cover men and events from the Revolution to the War of 1812; and one on the New England industrial revolution introduces the rise of the New West, the passing of the Virginia dynasty of Presidents, and those conflicts of territorial expansion at the expense of Mexico which, despite the chapter-heading of Manifest Destiny given Professor Wertenbaker's account, had no ethical justification. Four chapters are devoted to the causes of the Civil War, the struggle itself, recon-

struction—with graphic scenes of carpet-bagging days and a black legislature in session in South Carolina—and the changing order resulting from the second industrial climax of development, with consolidation and large-scale production as new ideals (?) in American business and life. From *A Nation Moving West* to the chapter on Problems: Solved and Unsolved, sketches—and seventy-five pages can do no more than sketch—the salient features of our national history from the driving of the last golden spike in the last tie laid on the Pacific railroad, to America and the American of today.

The American People is a genuinely well-done popularization of its subject. Its author is no stylist; yet he writes clearly and with real ability and skill in laconizing the dramatic. In particular, he should be commended for his lack of bias. James G. Blaine's loss of the Presidency owing to his lack of courage to resent an insult offered the Catholic faith as he stood on the stairway of the old Fifth Avenue Hotel (October 29, 1884) for example, is well summarized: "... every Catholic voter in the state knew that the Republican candidate had permitted a slur against his religion to go unrebuked. In the few days which remained before election, Blaine made desperate efforts to explain and apologize, but 'Rum, Romanism and Rebellion,' rolled on to his undoing." If, occasionally, the author is guilty of sins of omission as for example (page 469) where the growth of the colleges since the world war is discussed, the great Catholic universities are entirely ignored among those mentioned, it must in part be laid to the selective and compressional program to which he was committed. All in all, his volume is one any American may read with both enjoyment and profit.

FREDERICK H. MARTENS.

Values of Catholic Faith, by Reverend Latta Griswold, M.A. Milwaukee: Morehouse Publishing Company.

THIS book will rank high in that non-controversial class which is doing good toward steering persons with open minds but no very fixed beliefs, in the Catholic direction. Catholics who would keep in touch with the Anglican mind will also find the book most valuable, and will recognize the typical inconsistency of the author's hope of "enlarging the conception" of the Church while he admits "there is no escape from Rome, Canterbury, or Constantinople into an ideal Catholicism." The confusion of aesthetic with spiritual values is found too, an example of which serves also to warn against implied definitions. Catholics would nearly reverse the description of the Mass as a ritual where "symbolism almost becomes ineffable mystery."

But the book deserves exemption from controversial criticism. It avoids apologetics, and—allowing for the Anglican bias—is sound in conception: Religion is the cure of world sickness; apologetics nowadays is futile, and authority despised save by those who do not need it; therefore to portray religion in terms of personal experience becomes important. Mr. Griswold's effort "to catch and crystallize the more subtle and fluid causes of the appeal" of the Church succeeds, not a little because of a style which is, to borrow his metaphor, crystalline in its lucidness and beauty.

The title is apt. Values of a faith Catholic in spirit though not in communion are assayed. The Mass, for example, is examined as worship, prayer, sacrifice, as the Eucharist, as a memorial, and in historic association. The Creed is surveyed as the irreversible statement of Revelation, implying all dogmatic truth, coördinating all human knowledge. The Divine Office, with its ancient flavor, yet living and fresh through seasonal adjustment to the Christian year, is finely analyzed.

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The chapter, *The Kingdom of God*, discovers the rarest values; the ideal of Jesus embodied in His Church is discussed under headings of the symbols He Himself used, as *A Net*, *A Leaven*, *A Pearl of Great Price*, as *The Bride* and as *The Body of Christ*. A Catholic could borrow it, with the chapter called after the Mass, almost literally for meditation; and the greatest value of the book for him—it more than puzzles his mind: it rebukes his prejudices while it renews his hopes—is to realize that, although the trunk to which he clings alone can bear fruit of dogmatic truth, since it alone is rooted in reality, there remains sap of faith in the errant branch that bears blossoms a Catholic may cull with delight for a veritable spiritual bouquet. The Church will be enriched, if not in values, at least in capacity to appreciate them, if ever the severed limb is grafted again, by submission, to the parent stem.

The book is more subjective than its particular concept warrants. One suspects the Cult of Beauty—an unconscious tendency to flee depressing, in pursuit of exalting, thoughts. Objective choice, since it banishes alternatives, is damnably depressing at times. Yet one must choose which institution corresponds in reality to that ideal Catholicism into which Mr. Griswold says there is no escape and into which his book nearly does. Because Rome "or" Canterbury each has values of beauty, one cannot hover lovingly over both on the wings of the intellectual compromise that "precise definitions" must be avoided. One closes his book reflecting that facts too, though stubborn things, have a value of beauty—the mystical value of truth. The facts of her credentials, once faced, compensate respectability for that inevitable slight disreputability which marks the Church universal, and console even artistic sensibilities for ritualistic bad form. The Church practical should be a trifle vulgar, full of healthy Philistines who jostle the aesthete as they banally admire the prosaic—and profound—values of the matter-of-fact. Truth is a common, not a cultural thing.

ROBERT PATTERSON.

More Miles, by Harry Kemp. New York: Boni and Live-right. \$3.00.

WHATEVER utter frankness about himself—even the merciless exposing of his conceits and poses—can reveal of a man, Harry Kemp has laid bare in *More Miles*, which continues the autobiography which *Tramping on Life* began. It covers the poet's penniless years in pre-war Greenwich Village, in a chaotic but electrically fascinating manner, and if one is forced to admit that *More Miles* does not complete the spiritual progress which the first part of the book promised, one must at the same time point out that in the cause of this seeming failure, which is the author's uncompromising biographical attitude toward himself, his art, and his environment, lies the book's finest quality. Certain unfortunate but necessary minor compromises there are, such as the colorless pseudonyms which Kemp is compelled to tack to his characters from the very nature of the private matters he reveals. Doubtless, also, the book suffers from the kaleidoscopic treatment, because of which characters sometimes become confused and threads of action are cut off and left dangling. But with these reservations, it is a brave book, pervaded with the inscrutable elfin-warrior personality of a poet of the highest—and in these days, rarest—artistic ideals.

The poet meets properly and sincerely the problem of how much he ought to tell of those dangerous groping days, for he tells the unadorned truth, with the clear purpose of making known only its spiritual significance, and never its carnal or

scandalous nuances. And it is indicative of Kemp's character that in looking back upon the eccentric group he knew, there is only one person at whom he aims occasional angry or ridiculing thrusts: himself. One feels that the author has indeed traveled many miles, and that, though the strange soul of this volume climbs chiefly in his dreams, the one that has now emerged from the clouds to write this book gazes back from a considerable height.

HARRY MCGUIRE.

Goethe's Faust, translated and edited by W. H. Van der Smissen. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. \$5.00.

A NEW translation of *Faust* would not seem a startling event; but when one considers the fact that no good version of the drama into English is available, that Bayard Taylor's famous edition is quite out of date, and that German is not a language widely familiar to Americans, it becomes apparent that Professor Van der Smissen, of the University of Toronto, confronted a great task and a magnificent opportunity.

What can be said of his book? Well, the version attempts fidelity to the original metres—which means difficulties. These are surmounted with competence, although one vainly tries to hit upon a passage characterized by genius. Many of the great lyrical passages become exceedingly prosy in their English dress; and one not familiar with German would seek in vain for that supreme competency in Atticizing modern diction which was one of the predominant virtues of Goethe. But on the whole the text is faithfully rendered. It says what the original says, the translator having studiously avoided melodious but inexact paraphrase.

Professor Van der Smissen's book, moreover, is a complete *Faust*. In addition to all of the text, there is a succinct but very able commentary in which the conclusions of modern German criticism are summarized. With this part of the book any student may well be satisfied, provided he is seeking to familiarize himself only with the general, elemental problems raised by the text. It should be added that a choice selection of illustrations enhances the value of the book as a manual for the student or the general reader.

AMBROSE FARLEY.

CONTRIBUTORS

ERNEST F. BODDINGTON, dramatist and journalist, was formerly Sunday editor of the *New York Times*, and later press director for the National Catholic Welfare Conference.

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AMBROSE FARLEY is a translator and teacher of the classics.

THE QUIET CORNER

I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library.—C. LAMB.

"Bon jour, mes amis," said Dr. Angelicus airily, as he flung open the library doors.

"Ah," remarked Euphemia, bent over a magazine, "so you have succumbed too, have you?"

"I never succumb to anything," announced the Doctor, lapsing back into his mother tongue. "Succumbed to what?"

"This advertisement of a book that teaches one to speak French fluently in twenty-four lessons," said Euphemia.

"Impossible," said the Doctor, settling himself in his chair.

"I suppose it's a book entitled, French Without a Struggle," remarked Britannicus as he drew forth a sheaf of copy-paper.

"Just look," exclaimed Euphemia, "at the picture! A party of four seated at a restaurant table—an earnest young man addressing the waiter at his elbow. And this is the caption: 'They grinned when the waiter spoke to me in French, but their laughter changed to amazement at my reply!'"

"Nothing remarkable about that," said the Doctor. "Amazement is usually what follows the average American's attempt to speak French."

"No, you don't understand," said Euphemia. "Let me read you what follows."

"Now, Euphemia, you're getting to be a great nuisance with these advertisements," said Angelicus severely. "Why do you pore so attentively over the backs of magazines, instead of turning to the really worth-while reading matter in their contents?"

"Because, dear Doctor, the advertisements far surpass the articles and fiction in the important qualities of suspense and imaginative writing. Now where could you find a better story—"

"Oh, I suppose you're determined to read it," interrupted the Doctor resignedly. "You may as well begin it now, and get it over with the quicker."

"I submit to the inevitable," sighed Britannicus, who had been endeavoring to write, "but not without voicing a protest."

So, as he laid down his pencil, Euphemia began in her best elocutionary voice:

"We had dropped into Pierrot's for dinner—Pierrot's, that quaint French restaurant where the waiters speak nothing but French. Jack Lejeune, who boasted a smattering of French, volunteered to act as interpreter.

"Now tell me what you want to eat," announced Jack grandly, after we were seated, 'and I'll parley with the waiter.'

"With halting French phrases and much motioning of hands, Jack translated our orders to the waiter. Finally Jack turned to me.

"What's yours, Fred?" he asked.

"Virginia ham and scrambled eggs," I replied.

"Jack's face fell. He knew that my order would be difficult to translate into French. However, he made a brave effort.

"Jambon et des—et des—'; but Jack couldn't think how to say scrambled eggs. He made motions as if he were scrambling eggs in a frying pan, but the waiter couldn't get what he was driving at.

"I'm afraid you'll have to order something else, Fred," he said finally. 'I can't think of the word for scrambled eggs.'

Euphemia paused and glanced curiously at the Doctor to find his eyes riveted upon her.

"Go on," he said intensely. "What happened?"

"Ah, you do find it interesting!" exclaimed Euphemia triumphantly.

"Go on," repeated the Doctor in irritation, "what happened

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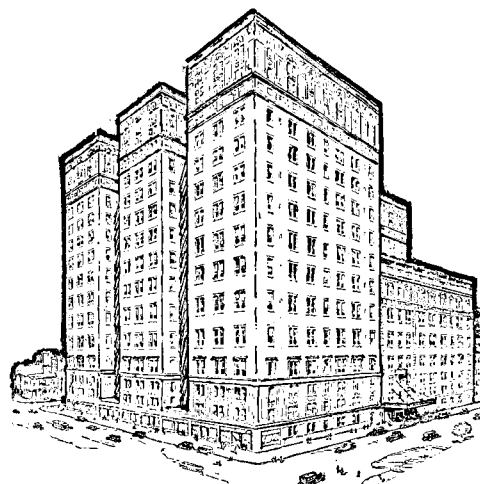
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when he couldn't think of the French expression for scrambled eggs?"

"That's easy. He ordered bacon instead," pronounced Britannicus. "In certain cases, I've had to myself."

"He did no such thing!" exclaimed Euphemia. "By the way, what is the French for scrambled eggs?"

"Oeufs," began Britannicus, "Oeufs—"

"It sounds like somebody being poked in the middle," protested Euphemia. "Are you in pain, Britannicus?"

"Will you go on?" demanded the Doctor, losing all patience.

Euphemia, hastily referring again to the advertisement, repeated dramatically:

"I can't think of the word for scrambled eggs!"

"Everybody smiled—everybody except me. With great ceremony, I beckoned to the waiter.

"I'll explain my order to the waiter," I said. A chuckle ran around the table.

"Fred can't speak French, can he?" I heard a girl whisper to Jack.

"No. He never spoke a word of French in his life," came the answer. "But watch him; this will be funny."

"It probably was," broke in Britannicus. "I remember—"

"Stop interrupting," cried the Doctor. "What follows?"

Euphemia announced impressively: "The next chapter is headed, 'A Tense Moment.'"

"Get on," commanded the Doctor, "get on to the scrambled eggs!"

"Where are they?" asked Britannicus, looking around. "I'd like to. I'm hungry."

Euphemia cleared her voice, and continued:

"The waiter addressed me. 'Qu'est-ce que vous voulez, Monsieur?' he asked.

"There was a pause. All eyes were on me. I hesitated—prolonged the suspense as long as possible."

Euphemia stopped and looked up at her audience.

"Just because he prolonged the suspense, there's no reason why you should," exclaimed the annoyed Doctor.

"Dear Doctor, I hate to see you suffer," said Euphemia compassionately. "Let me continue:

"Then in perfect French, I said to the waiter: 'Donnez-moi, s'il vous plait, du jambon aux oeufs brouillés—jambon de Virginie.'"

"Ah," sighed Angelicus, relaxing contentedly in his chair, "that was magnificent!"

"The oeufs or the jambon?" inquired Britannicus, looking more hungry every minute.

"There's more," explained Euphemia, and she went on:

"The effect on my friends was tremendous. The laughter stopped. There were gasps of amazement. In order to heighten the effect, I continued for several minutes to converse in French with the waiter. I asked him all sorts of questions—what part of France he was from—how long he had been in America—and many other queries."

"Now here," said Euphemia, interrupting herself, "appears the first flaw. He's been a real hero up to the present; but now he begins to disappoint me."

"How?" asked Britannicus.

"Well, it's not polite to ask personal questions, even of a waiter," explained Euphemia.

"Do you consider, 'are these eggs quite fresh?' a personal question?" speculated Angelicus.

"Well, no; not exactly—if asked of a waiter. But if asked of a hen, decidedly a most personal question," she replied.

—THE LIBRARIAN.